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# America's Real Job

## By James Truslow Adams

*The author of "The March of Democracy" in 1928 accurately forecast the coming smash. Now he counsels less dreaming, more action.*

THERE is no doubt that the ship *Civilization* in which we are all embarked together is being tossed and racked by a storm of the first magnitude. Unfortunately, in the crisis, we have, not without cause, lost a considerable amount of confidence in the officers to whom we looked in fair days. Most of us are in the position of passengers who know nothing of weather, the structure of the ship, or of navigation. We have had our moments of complete panic and funk. We have listened to, and perhaps made, all kinds of suggestions, and not infrequently those who have known most about any particular point have offered opinions diametrically opposite, adding to the confusion. One hears all sorts of things suggested: that this is the moment to readjust the menu between the first cabin and steerage; that the tourist thirds now have the chance to ensure themselves more comfort in future voyages; that the machinery has ceased to function and that it is up to any one to go down and tinker with it; that we ought to abandon ship and take to life-boats or even belts and the unknown expanse of tossing waters. One supreme duty, however, would seem to be laid upon all of us, whatever happens, and that is to keep our heads. In view of the babel of voices on deck and in the smoking saloon, we might well go off in a corner by ourselves and ponder certain questions.

We may ask in the first place whether this disaster is of a sort which it was impossible either to predict or understand. The answer is emphatically, "No," and to that extent the present situation should be shorn of some portion of its terror, just as we are no longer paralyzed with fear, as our ancestors were, by the sight of a comet.

All too many of our so-called leaders insisted that past experience and economic laws no longer counted, and led the people wrongly. They indulged in wishful thinking instead of facing realities. Many, however, who clung to belief in experience and laws could and did predict a crash, though they were extremely unpopular for doing so. This thing which has come upon us is therefore not like the plagues or black death of the Middle Ages. It was predictable. Its causes are now fairly well understood. It is natural and not supernatural. The problem is how to work out of it, and, as far as may prove possible, to prevent its recurrence in future in so exaggerated a form.

Another question we may ask is how much worse off are we really at present than we have been in similar crises in the past? We are now well into the fourth year of the depression and can measure it with some of the prolonged periods of the same sort in the past century. We naturally always think our own troubles greatest, but if we dispassionately compare our present situation with those of our ancestors in the period from 1837 to 1841 or 1873 to 1879 we shall find that we have not as yet suffered so severely as they did, unless we include our fear as to what may yet come. I cannot go into details in this article, but can say briefly I do not find that, proportionately, the failures of commercial houses, insurance companies, or banks have been greater, if as great; whereas vast quantities of what were considered sound securities before 1929 have come through

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to today far better than similar ones did in the preceding crises. Leaving out the highly speculative holding companies, for example, the whole public-utility field is almost untouched, practically all the leading companies being still capable of paying dividends on their common stocks. In the 70's, steel plants were being scrapped and sold for junk. Today we are worrying about dividends, and not about either the interest on bonds or bankruptcy of the companies. Unemployment is bad, but embraces less than one-quarter of the normally employed, which is far below the proportion for the panic of a century ago, when in many parts of the country it ran up to nine-tenths.

On the other hand, there are certain new features in the present crisis which must be taken into account. These are both economic and psychological. Among the former we may include the world-wide nature of the depression; the maldistribution, instead of, as occasionally before, the shortage of gold; the tariffs and other hindrances to international trade; the problem for America of how it can best readjust its economic life to our change from being a debtor to a great creditor nation; the difficult problem involved in the great increase in technical efficiency of production; and the question of war debts as related to certain of the other problems mentioned.

In addition to these we have certain new psychological factors, which may prove even more important. Although we now understand the causes and special problems of this crisis fairly well, our political, business and intellectual leaders have shown an unusual distrust of their own ability to do anything to remedy the situation. The problems are complicated but there is no reason to assume that many of them are insoluble. Possibly the long strain of the war weakened our strength to such an extent as to leave us without courage when faced by our subsequent difficulties. For whatever reason, there has been a notable pessimism pervading the intellectuals of that generation which made its start in the war. It has become fashionable among them to despair, and one is rather looked down upon intellectually if he looks forward fairly hopefully. When in 1928 and 1929 I predicted that we were headed into a bad storm and pointed out some of the inherent weaknesses in the mass-production theory, I was told that I was old-fashioned and could not understand the "new era." Now that the storm has come and yet I have reasonable hope of our working out of it without wrecking civilization as we know it, I am told the same thing in reverse, that I cannot understand the "new era," this time a "new era" of mass-production break-down instead of a mass-production paradise.

There is also a psychological factor present of a precisely opposite sort among the general mass of men. There has always been a marked, and, for the smooth running of human society, a helpful difference in outlook between the young and the old. There was in the past, however, no such difference in experience between the men in their twenties and thirties and those in their seventies and eighties as there is today between the former and men even in the fifties. I am barely in the latter class, yet my boyhood was spent in a world in which there were no automobiles, scarcely bicycles; in which the telephone was rare in private houses and not indispensable even for a Stock Exchange firm; in which gas and bathtubs were luxuries, and electricity just coming into general use; in which there were no radios, gramophones, movies, and the thousand and one things considered necessities today. I have often wondered how the new generation, to whom most of these things were the commonplaces of their childhood, would act in the new world if deprived of any of them. I am now beginning to find out.

It is not simply that youth is in the saddle, with lack of experience and perspective. Aside from the depression of 1920 (which most have forgotten as an episode between war-brides and Coolidge prosperity), our last panic was 1907. As a partner in a Stock Exchange firm, I recall fighting my way through it, paying 120 per cent for loans at one of the reputable New York banks, and buying cash to pay my clerks at a premium of 5 per cent over checks out of my own bank account. In looking up three of the writers who are now described as among "the intellectual leaders" of today in the magazines, and who are telling us how intolerable the present situation is, I find that one was eighteen, one seventeen, and one thirteen in 1907.

But it is more than lack of personal experience of even such a minor crisis as 1907 which divides the new generation from mine. It is that they have never before known a world other than one of rising prices, new luxuries, and prosperity. In various passages in his fascinating book, *The Revolt of the Masses,* Ortega comments on the attitude of the new man who has inherited the new civilization of things and ease. "The world which surrounds the new man from his birth," he says in one place, "does not compel him to limit himself in any fashion, it sets up no veto in opposition to him; on the contrary, it incites his appetite, which in principle can increase indefinitely." And again, "If the traditional sentiment whispered: 'to live is to feel oneself limited, and therefore to have to count with that which limits us,' the newest voice shouts: 'to live is to meet with no limitation whatever and, consequently, to abandon oneself calmly to one's self.'" "This type which is to be found everywhere, and everywhere imposes his own spiritual barbarism, is, in fact, the spoiled child of human history. The spoiled child is the heir who behaves exclusively as a mere heir."

Without wishing in the least to talk Pollyanna non-

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sense, which I have always decried, or to minimize the serious new economic factors in the present crisis, I believe that that crisis in part appears much worse to all of us than it may well be because of this "spoiled child" attitude toward life on the part of the mass of us. When I was a partner in a prosperous young Stock Exchange house, I never dreamed of having a car. Now in at least one State the operation and possession of a motor car does not prevent the owner from receiving poor relief!

In much of the increasingly hysterical writing of the present we can detect the spoiled-child attitude of the new man toward civilization. Perhaps hysterical is too strong a word, but just as for many years we have had to listen to advertisers scream louder and louder against each other, and have found news becoming more and more sensational in matter and presentation, so it seems to me that in our treatment of the serious problems of our situation we are more and more losing our heads and substituting wishful thinking or startling statements for calm consideration.

Let us take, for example, recent articles by two men, both of whom can write extremely well and with both of whom I have often been in complete agreement. Elmer Davis, writing on the breakdown of our party system and suggesting a try at Socialism, says that no government could "run the banks much worse" than the men who ran them in 1929. I have elsewhere paid my respects (or disrespects) to the men who ran the banks in that year, but such a statement as above, made by a man who usually writes sanely, is obviously not the product of clear thinking. Again, the same writer says, "90 per cent of my savings (and probably of yours) have been confiscated by the operation of untrammelled individualism." If the word "confiscate" is taken in the only meanings given to it by the three dictionaries I have at hand, this statement is incredible. What the author apparently means is that he has had the extremely hard luck to lose 90 per cent of his savings. Even in these times this must be a very exceptional outcome for one who tried to invest conservatively, and it is far from being universal, for in my wide acquaintance I do not know of another such instance, heavily as many have suffered.

Let us take an article by Stuart Chase, whose work in the past has interested me, and whose influence on the whole has been extremely good. Advocating inflation of the currency as the only cure for our ills, he conducts his argument in a way which I think, and which I think he would have thought not long ago, beneath him. I am not concerned with his economic statements or arguments, which I happen to consider wrong, but with his mode of controversy. He attempts to win confidence at the start by announcing that he will lean heavily on the opinions of a certain economist who perhaps understands the subject "better than any other man alive." He does not tell his readers that the man is the storm centre of controversy and is not nearly as highly regarded by many as he was ten years ago. In order to minimize the arguments of his opponents the author speaks of them as bankers in London "in their tightly buttoned frock coats." I have never seen a London banker in a "tightly buttoned frock coat"—and I have met many—but if I did have such a distressing experience I would not let that interfere with my independent appraisal of the validity of his judgment or ideas. About twenty-four hundred years ago Socrates taught that "the point is not who said the words, but whether they are true or not." It has remained for an intellectual leader of our age of science to teach the people that the truth depends upon the sort of clothes the speaker wears. At the end of the article, the author avows that God is on the side of the inflationists, if he cares anything about us. I mention these two articles because they are symptomatic. They are both by highly intelligent men, leaders of opinion, and both articles appeared in one of the best magazines in America. Yet they, like others, seem to me to indicate the lack of balance with which we are looking at our crisis.

The sharers in the general discussion in which we are now all indulging, and which is becoming rather wild, may be divided into two sorts. One group concentrates on suggesting plans which would ostensibly be worked out within the present Constitutional framework of the nation; the other wishes to abolish the Constitution and start fresh. For the most part the first have largely predominated (though it is highly questionable how far the Constitution would continue to stand under some of the plans), but now the second class is becoming more in evidence.

There is no question that the problems ahead of us will tax all our best qualities to the uttermost—our intelligence, knowledge, reason, generosity, balance, judgment, self-control. Many of the problems are considered in the two volumes of *Recent Social Trends* forming the report of President Hoover's Research Committee on that topic. The problems may be very briefly summarized as those involved in establishing forms of social control, however designated, which shall deal effectively with the developments of our machine-age without stifling liberty, justice, and progress. The final word of the report is that we must learn how to make such use of government as to transform our civilization "into something we can now only dimly discern."

The fact that, as yet, we can discern only dimly what form society may assume in the future is commended for thought to many who are now taking part in the

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discussion; with the added statement of Hobhouse many years ago that "those who effect a revolution ought to know whither they are leading the world."

Let us consider first the planning group of disputants. It is quite evident that man cannot live and never has lived without planning. The only question concerns the scope of the planning and the extent to which man contemplates controlling his own destiny or that of others. We Americans are tremendously under the influence of words and phrases. "A planned world," the "Russian Five-Year Plan," "technocracy," all seem to open vistas of something wholly new to mankind. A word can surround a perfectly simple effort to do something with an extraordinarily emotional exhilaration. History has been full of plans of all grades, made to meet situations or to sketch an ideal society. Our great problem at present is to discover how best to adapt our institutions and laws so as to meet the exigencies of a mass and machine age and at the same time to retain certain values which developed in an age of *laissez faire* and individualism. That is a clear-cut, if extremely difficult, problem. With as little loss of time as is possible, we have to try to work it out—that is, to "plan."

Owing to the immense importance of the problem and to the time factor, it might be thought that the first thing to do would be to concentrate on the kind of plan or solution which stood best chance of being of use. It seems to show a certain hysterical element in the situation that this is precisely what, to a great extent, we are not doing.

To go back to our first metaphor, the moment of danger on a ship in a storm is certainly not the time to draw blue-prints of some other ship which might, theoretically, be a better one for speed, comfort, or safety. Such a blue-print might in time come to have great value but it could not be considered in the least as a contribution to the existing emergency. It is the same with most of the "plans" which have appeared thus far for our new "planned society." The test of value for any of them, with reference to the emergency, is "Is there the slightest possibility of putting them into effect, pre-supposing we think they might work in an ideal economic world?" If there is not, they are of rather less than no use, for they serve to divert the energies of those who might make workable ones, and drug or muddle the rest of us.

There are three difficulties with practically all of them. First, they attempt altogether too much. It is far easier to picture an ideal society, leaving out all bothersome details, than to discover how to help the farmers. The form of life into which we have managed to evolve in the past century can be toppled over with the greatest ease, even if it is not toppling by itself. No one can predict the repercussions of almost any change in a single department, as, for example, the introduction of the automobile. To redraw, on a blue-print in a study, the entire economic organization of society is to risk the whole of life on one throw of the dice. A nation as a whole, or even a majority, is not willing to do this except in a revolution.

Secondly, we have to consider in another aspect the background of American public opinion as it evidently is at present. We have been advancing with great rapidity on the road toward socialization of both activity and property, much faster than most of us realize. In England at present a man of modest income pays twenty-five per cent of it in income taxes, besides his other taxes. That means that he is forced, willy-nilly, to work for one day in every four for others or for "the Great Society." We are fast approaching the same position at home. It is true that *laissez faire* is incompatible with modern economic conditions. It may also be true that the individual life as we have known it is doomed to extinction. Neither of these statements, however, disproves, though either may conflict with, the fact that as yet the average American is not ready to subject himself willingly to a State regimen and to be deprived of perhaps a specious but still a conscious belief in his own independence. Almost every "plan" I have read calls for such a regimentation when translated into practical working terms, and is therefore impractical.

Lastly, every ruler is confronted by the problem of the human tools with which he has to work. Now every plan appears to assume the existence of men of superhuman wisdom to work it. It is admitted that our leaders made a great muddle of it all in 1929. But the mere transferring of any of these men from the White House, the Treasury, the presidency of a bank, the chairmanship of a great corporation, the chair of economics at a university, a soap box in Union Square, or what-not, to a place on some glorified "committee of central control" is not going to give him any more wisdom than he had before. In some slight degree, at least, we were saved a little bit from 1929 onward by the fact that all men had not been as wrong as most of the leaders. Some had not lived beyond their incomes and had not bought everything on credit; some had sold stocks when the government told them everything was all right, and so were able to stem the tide of panic in 1932 by buying them back for cash; and so on.

One point is common, though usually not admitted, to the more grandiose planners and to those who suggest we must have a new Federal Constitution "if we are to avoid revolution." That point is that in truth they wish to impose their own views of our economic or social salvation upon the mass of the nation. They wish, like the Drys, to do what they think best for others by force. Doctor Charles A. Beard is an extremely suggestive writer and few men, if any, have a better knowledge of the workings of our government. He

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does not advocate a dictatorship. Yet when, in his "Five-Year Plan," he calls for a Board of Strategy and Planning, headed by production engineers, and allocating all productive and distributive activities of the nation in accordance with the amount, as predicted by the central board, of the consuming needs of the nation, it seems clear to me at least that all this would involve a complete control over both our property and our activities. In fact, Doctor Beard himself realizes this to a considerable extent. To any one who understands American character and public opinion, any such change would appear incredible if brought about suddenly. It could be effected only by revolution. The plan may represent the sort of social structure we are headed for in the line of our present evolution of business and government, but it is useless in our emergency of today.

A much younger and less experienced publicist, W. K. Wallace, in his recent volume, *Our Obsolete Constitution,* is typical of those who wish to reconstruct our whole national life and abolish our present form of government altogether, and claims, rather oddly, that scrapping it and adopting a new one is the only way to avoid revolution. What does he mean by "constitution" and "revolution"?

Apparently, like many others, he considers the former to be merely the document which was drawn up in 1787. Of course this *was* the Constitution when the government started to function, but a reading of even so well-known an essay as Bryce's *Flexible and Rigid Constitutions* should have taught him that as a nation develops it builds up an aggregate of laws and customs, consonant with its character, which is in truth its "constitution." Wallace complains, with lack of understanding of what a constitution is, that we have broken through ours again and again. He does not realize that by that very process, which is that of all organic life, we have been developing a real and flexible constitution out of the few written rules with which, as a new government, we had to start. The author objects greatly, for example, to the Supreme Court, yet there is nothing in what he calls the "constitution" which gives that body the slightest right to pass on the constitutionality of laws made by Congress. When it does so, however, we do not consider that the court is acting unconstitutionally, because it is acting in accordance with that "aggregate of laws and customs" which we as a nation have consciously and unconsciously built up to serve as our "constitution." To scrap the "constitution" would thus mean, not to scrap the document of 1787, but to scrap all the laws and customs which in 150 years have been the natural and almost unnoticed growth of our national habits, character, and ways of doing things. That, in truth, is what Mr. Wallace wants us to do. Like most of the planners he dodges all difficulties of detail, merely saying that these would be of "relatively easy solution" once his main ideas were accepted. Like the others, he assumes that by a change of organization and perhaps saying "Abracadabra" we would transform untrained politicians into trained administrators who would guarantee an efficient government. Again, as in the Plans, success requires the supermen who are not at the moment living in America. Mr. Wallace would have these new officials become our supreme economic arbiters, conscript our services in peace times as in war, and guarantee that such services would be used for public good and not for private profit.

One can only pause in astonishment when we read that this is the only way to avoid revolution, and we wonder what he means by "revolution." In a peaceful way there is a huge revolution under way now and has been for a generation. It is in one sense revolutionary that I am now being made to work nearly one day in each four to provide all sorts of things for the common good and much for the graft of individuals. One quarter of the Federal taxes go to the "veterans," many of whom are far younger and stronger than I. Although Mr. Wallace denies that there has been any change in the "constitution" for 150 years, there has in truth been such an alteration in the constitutional relationship of a man to his own "property" and the uses to which he can put it as would have made the capitalists of two generations ago feel that the Constitution as they knew it would have to be abolished completely before such a change could take place. But even if Mr. Wallace confines his definition of revolution to a sudden overturn of government, with perhaps mobbing and bloodshed, does he expect that his plan for the abolition of much private property in one generation, the conscription of our labor, and so on, would be accepted by the American people quietly?

Let us consider another aspect of this way of avoiding revolution. In this immediate crisis, we suffered, and the world also, from the interregnum until the elected President could replace the defeated one. Suppose that instead we were all waiting for the convening of a constitutional convention to draw up and submit to the people a wholly new instrument as fundamental law, the nature of which no one could predict in advance. It would of course be utterly impossible to guess what sort of form of government, or relations of the citizen to it, of rights of property, or anything else, might emerge from a convention packed with every possible interest in the social body, each intent on getting a "constitution" which would embody its own ideas and protect its own view of "right." If anything were needed to complete the chaos of the world just now, it would be precisely that.

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This does not, of course, mean that the Constitution does not require revision in many particulars. In some cases, as in changing the date for the inauguration of a President, formal amendment was required. In many others, as in the change of method of election of a President from that prescribed in the document of 1787, or of the growth of power in the Supreme Court to pass on the "constitutionality" of Acts of Congress, changes come without formal action. We have spent 150 years in developing a set of rigid rules into a flexible "constitution," and it would be a waste of all that has happened to substitute merely a new set of rigid rules which in turn would have to become flexible by becoming adapted to our growth over a long period.

The wish for such a change is apparently the old wish of the doctrinaire to establish quickly the sort of society which he would like to plan, regardless of whether the people wish it or not. The fact is that under our present Constitution the majority of the people can really do about as they like. The change in the nature of property, as I have just said, has become enormous in the last two generations, and either by formal amendment to the original documentary Constitution, by use of the taxing and other powers, or by evident change in public opinion, almost any alteration can be made in the relations of the citizen to his property or to the state. As Mr. Dooley said, after the Spanish War, "No matter whether the Constitution follows the flag or not, th' Supreme Court follows the illiction returns." With or without formal amendment, the people can alter the Constitution to any extent, *when they want to*. It is very annoying to many minorities that they do not want to on one point or another. That does not alter the fact that the majority does not want to, and that if only enough people, from experience, education, or propaganda, decide they do want to, they do it. We have, in fact, made five formal amendments of great importance to the document of 1787 in the past twenty years, or at the rate of one every four years, and shall probably soon make another.

Of course, the grander planners and the root-and-branch reformers will consider this sort of procedure as a mere waste of time in tinkering when what we need is something wholly brand new. The difficulty is, however, that in a world as complex as ours, no man alive is capable of planning something brand new in the way of national or world organization of society from the bottom up and of knowing what the wholly unforeseen and unpredictable results may be. Less than ever before in the more advanced nations can you force a mold of society upon an unwilling people. The American people are fed up with the present depression but they are not going to take a chance on working out of it by changing all their institutions and ways of life over night, whether in accordance with some plan or a new constitution. Individualism may, as I have said, have to go, as, in many ways, it is going. But it will have to go gradually and more or less painlessly. The unemployed and the homeless loom large at the moment, but it may be recalled that of the 25,000,000 American families or so, over 10,000,000 live in homes owned by themselves, and considerably more than half of these in unmortgaged ones, according to the last figures I can get; over 12,000,000 in 1929 were members of Building and Loan Associations; 52,664,000 held savings deposits of $28,217,650,000, and in a population of about 120,000,000 there were outstanding 120,753,000 life-insurance policies to an amount of $103,146,440,000. If it be said that these figures are pre-depression, we may check them by the recently published savings-bank statistics as of June 30 last. They showed that there was then, at the very bottom of the panic of last summer, $24,282,346,000 in 44,352,106 savings accounts. If we deduct from our population of 120,000,000 or so the considerable number of rich or well-to-do families which do not have savings accounts, the large number of children of the poorer classes and wives who do not duplicate their husbands' accounts, the figures are staggering. After the temptation of one of the wildest orgies of speculation on record and after three years of what we are told is the worst depression in the history of the modern world, the poorer part of our population yet have nearly $25,000,000,000 of resources in cash in this one item alone. Whatever may be the plight of many, such conditions as indicated above do not make a fertile seed-bed for Communism or any other complete overthrow of our system. It may also be noted that the farmer of the South and West who may now, as at previous times in our history, use force to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage on his farm is in his opinion a defender of property and would be the last man to wish to subscribe to a plan or a constitution under which both he and his property would become subject to conscription.

There is no telling, of course, what might happen if this hurricane should continue to blow at its present velocity for another five or ten years. Two things, however, seem fairly clear. One is that at present the schemes for scrapping the Constitution or for altering too suddenly and violently the whole life of the nation by trying to put into effect any of the more far-reaching plans, could only fail disastrously and bring about that very revolution their propounders claim to be trying to avoid. The other point is that there are any number of specific problems waiting to be solved, every one of which would have its share in remedying the situation as a whole.

There is, for example, the paramount necessity, if

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confidence is to be restored, of reducing wanton waste in all our governments from the federal down, and balancing our national and other budgets; there is the necessity of coming to some final agreement on war debts and clearing that economic and psychological factor out of the way; there is the need for revising tariffs and other hindrances to international trade, and deciding what we shall do now that our whole position and internal and external economy have been altered by our having become, apart from war debts, a great creditor instead of a debtor nation. There are many others of the sort.

We do not know what the effect of the great Plans would be. We read them but we do not believe that in reality any of them could be put into practice under present conditions. They are merely a sort of high-brow movie performance which we attend because we wish for escape and to avoid deciding specific problems, preferring the much easier work of planning a dream world instead of working for some specific object in the unhappy but actual one. It is easier to talk about abolishing Congress and substituting a body of expert supermen than it is to get down to tacks, and try to bring all the influence we can to bear to make Congress do what it ought to do. The latter, however, is the far more useful and important job.

If we cannot settle some of the national and world problems individually, which, if settled, would go far toward restoring normal business activity, I do not believe for a moment that we are going to get anywhere by making blue-prints of how we shall reform everything at once. No one ever found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. *Plan* we must, and as hard and as quickly and as sanely as we can. But we must plan for limited objectives, success in which may be within the scope of our powers and understanding. We have got to work our way out of the present depression, and after that we have got, as the report of the Committee on Recent Social Trends says, to transform our civilization "into something which we can now only dimly discern." To do that we shall have to keep the realities of the situation in view, and among these realities are national opinion, habits and character, and our limited powers both of understanding the complexities among which we are moving, and of predicting the results of our actions.

We can risk all on one throw in a plan with a capital P or revolution, or we can tackle portions of the total problem to the best of our ability, continuing to evolve new means of meeting the new problems. There is danger both ways, but I believe that if we would for a while stop making grandiose but impossible plans or talking about avoiding revolutions by scrapping the constitution, and instead would tackle the specific problems which are becoming more and more clearly understood, we would make more rapid progress toward that restoration of our economic life which is essential. The sort of ship on which we shall be travelling a generation or two hence, if we are still here, may be quite different from the one on which we are now tossing about. We may indulge in dreams of what it may or should be like, but let no one deceive himself into believing that by so doing he is helping to save himself or others in this hurricane. We cannot predict what is ahead but we have learned that there are certain repairs which should be made at once if we are to survive.

Let's stop becoming more hysterical and get down to work on what we *can* do. If we would do so, there would be much more chance of our getting to shore (and I believe we shall reach it) than if we go about talking about the sort of boat we ought to be on or wish we were on. We need all our powers of intelligence, knowledge, persuasion, and leadership for the present task. Utopias can wait until we have docked.

Then, given a reasonable amount of good fortune, those Utopias may be made to appear more brilliant and possible of achievement than any we have yet planned. If we can, for example, settle war debts, balance budgets, avoid the wilder financial nostrums advocated, lower barriers to trade, better distribute both trade and gold, restore confidence, and if the best business and technical brains prove only partially as successful in dealing with the problems of consumption and distribution as they have with those of production, there is no reason why we should not get on again. So far we have reduced costs by use of machinery and mass production. We have at the same time added enormously to those costs by the expense of distribution. If we can achieve that nightmare of the technocrats and run an entire factory with the aid of one man and if we can reduce the costs of distribution, why should we not be able to achieve lower selling prices without the enormous mass of sales now required.

It is estimated that the population of England will be 5,000,000 less within a generation after 1940. If we can much reduce the present prime importance of mass sales in the matter of costs, and if population declines, two of the difficulties which now appear so great would be on their way toward solution though others, of a quite different sort, might incidentally have been raised. I see no reason to despair as yet of our solving in the long run the problem of harnessing the machine to human happiness and welfare. We can only do so, however, by maintaining personal liberty. All plans which insist upon keeping our *things* only at the expense of the independence of our *selves* are gospels of despair. It is no intelligent solution of the problem of poverty to put every one from top to bottom in the workhouse.

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# Homage to Switzerland

## *By Ernest Hemingway*

*The second of three stories which Mr. Hemingway is contributing to the spring numbers of* SCRIBNER'S.

### PART I

PORTRAIT OF MR. WHEELER IN MONTREUX

INSIDE the station café it was warm and light. The wood of the tables shone from wiping and there were baskets of pretzels in glazed paper sacks. The chairs were carved, but the seats were worn and comfortable. There was a carved wooden clock on the wall and a bar at the far end of the room. Outside the window it was snowing.

Two of the station porters sat drinking new wine at the table under the clock. Another porter came in and said the Simplon-Orient Express was an hour late at Saint Maurice. He went out. The waitress came over to Mr. Wheeler's table.

"The Express is an hour late, sir," she said. "Can I bring you some coffee?"

"If you think it won't keep me awake."

"Please?" asked the waitress.

"Bring me some," said Mr. Wheeler.

"Thank you."

She brought the coffee from the kitchen and Mr. Wheeler looked out the window at the snow falling in the light from the station platform.

"Do you speak other languages besides English?" he asked the waitress.

"Oh, yes, sir. I speak German and French and the dialects."

"Would you like a drink of something?"

"Oh, no, sir. It is not permitted to drink in the café with the clients."

"You won't take a cigar?"

"Oh, no, sir. I don't smoke, sir."

"That is all right," said Mr. Wheeler. He looked out of the window again, drank the coffee, and lit a cigarette.

"Fräulein," he called. The waitress came over.

"What would you like, sir?"

"You," he said.

"You must not joke me like that."

"I'm not joking."

"Then you must not say it."

"I haven't time to argue," Mr. Wheeler said. "The train comes in forty minutes. If you'll go upstairs with me I'll give you a hundred francs."

"You should not say such things, sir. I will ask the porter to speak with you."

"I don't want a porter," Mr. Wheeler said. "Nor a policeman nor one of those boys that sell cigarettes. I want you."

"If you talk like that you must go out. You cannot stay here and talk like that."

"Why don't you go away then? If you go away I can't talk to you."

The waitress went away. Mr. Wheeler watched to see if she spoke to the porters. She did not.

"Mademoiselle!" he called. The waitress came over. "Bring me a bottle of Sion, please."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Wheeler watched her go out, then come in with the wine and bring it to his table. He looked toward the clock.

"I'll give you two hundred francs," he said.

"Please do not say such things."

"Two hundred francs is a great deal of money."

"You will not say such things!" the waitress said. She was losing her English. Mr. Wheeler looked at her interestedly.

"Two hundred francs."

"You are hateful."

"Why don't you go away then? I can't talk to you if you're not here."

The waitress left the table and went over to the bar. Mr. Wheeler drank the wine and smiled to himself for some time.

"Mademoiselle," he called. The waitress pretended not to hear him. "Mademoiselle," he called again. The waitress came over.

"You wish something?"

"Very much. I'll give you three hundred francs."

"You are hateful."

"Three hundred francs Swiss."

She went away and Mr. Wheeler looked after her. A

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porter opened the door. He was the one who had Mr. Wheeler's bags in his charge.

"The train is coming, sir," he said in French. Mr. Wheeler stood up.

"Mademoiselle," he called. The waitress came toward the table. "How much is the wine?"

"Seven francs."

Mr. Wheeler counted out eight francs and left them on the table. He put on his hat and coat and followed the porter out onto the platform where the snow was falling.

"Au revoir, mademoiselle," he said. The waitress watched him go. He's ugly, she thought, ugly and hateful. Three hundred francs for a thing that is nothing to do. How many times have I done that for nothing. And no place to go here. If he had sense he would know there was no place. No time and no place to go. Three hundred francs to do that. What people those Americans.

Standing on the cement platform beside his bags, looking down the rails toward the headlight of the train coming through the snow, Mr. Wheeler was thinking that it was very inexpensive sport. He had only spent, actually, aside from the dinner, seven francs for a bottle of wine and a franc for the tip. Seventy-five centimes would have been better. He would have felt better now if the tip had been seventy-five centimes. One franc Swiss is five francs French. Mr. Wheeler was headed for Paris. He was very careful about money and did not care for women. He had been in that station before and he knew there was no upstairs to go to. Mr. Wheeler never took chances.

## Part II

### Mr. Johnson Talks About It at Vevey

Inside the station café it was warm and light; the tables were shiny from wiping and on some there were red and white striped table cloths; and there were blue and white striped table cloths on the others and on all of them baskets with pretzels in glazed paper sacks. The chairs were carved but the wood seats were worn and comfortable. There was a clock on the wall, a zinc bar at the far end of the room, and outside the window it was snowing. Two of the station porters sat drinking new wine at the table under the clock.

Another porter came in and said the Simplon-Orient Express was an hour late at Saint Maurice. The waitress came over to Mr. Johnson's table.

"The Express is an hour late, sir," she said. "Can I bring you some coffee?"

"If it's not too much trouble."

"Please?" asked the waitress.

"I'll take some."

"Thank you."

She brought the coffee from the kitchen and Mr. Johnson looked out the window at the snow falling in the light from the station platform.

"Do you speak other languages besides English?" he asked the waitress.

"Oh, yes, I speak German and French and the dialects."

"Would you like a drink of something?"

"Oh, no, sir, it is not permitted to drink in the café with the clients."

"Have a cigar?"

"Oh, no, sir," she laughed. "I don't smoke, sir."

"Neither do I," said Johnson. "It's a dirty habit."

The waitress went away and Johnson lit a cigarette and drank the coffee. The clock on the wall marked a quarter to ten. His watch was a little fast. The train was due at ten-thirty—an hour late meant eleven-thirty. Johnson called to the waitress.

"Signorina!"

"What would you like, sir?"

"You wouldn't like to play with me?" Johnson asked. The waitress blushed.

"No, sir."

"I don't mean anything violent. You wouldn't like to make up a party and see the night life of Vevey? Bring a girl friend if you like."

"I must work," the waitress said. "I have my duty here."

"I know," said Johnson. "But couldn't you get a substitute? They used to do that in the Civil War."

"Oh, no, sir. I must be here myself in the person."

"Where did you learn your English?"

"At the Berlitz school, sir."

"Tell me about it," Johnson said. "Were the Berlitz undergraduates a wild lot? What about all this necking and petting? Were there many smoothies? Did you ever run into Scott Fitzgerald?"

"Please?"

"I mean were your college days the happiest days of your life? What sort of team did Berlitz have last fall?"

"You are joking, sir?"

"Only feebly," said Johnson. "You're an awfully good girl. And you don't want to play with me?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the waitress. "Would you like me to bring you something?"

"Yes," said Johnson. "Would you bring me the wine list?"

"Yes, sir."

Johnson walked over with the wine list to the table where the three porters sat. They looked up at him. They were old men.

"Wollen Sie trinken?" he asked. One of them nodded and smiled.

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"Oui, monsieur."

"You speak French?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"What shall we drink? Connais vous des champagnes?"

"Non, monsieur."

"Faut les connaître," said Johnson. "Fräulein," he called the waitress. "We will drink champagne."

"Which champagne would you prefer, sir?"

"The best," said Johnson. "Laquelle est le best?" he asked the porters.

"Le meillieur?" asked the porter who had spoken first.

"By all means."

The porter took out a pair of gold-rimmed glasses from his coat pocket and looked over the list. He ran his finger down the four typewritten names and prices.

"Sportsman," he said. "Sportsman is the best."

"You agree, gentlemen?" Johnson asked the other porters. The one porter nodded. The other said in French: "I don't know them personally but I've often heard speak of Sportsman. It's good."

"A bottle of Sportsman," Johnson said to the waitress. He looked at the price on the wine card; eleven francs Swiss. "Make it two Sportsmen. Do you mind if I sit here with you?" he asked the porter who had suggested Sportsman.

"Sit down. Put yourself here, please." The porter smiled at him. He was folding his spectacles and putting them away in their case. "Is it the gentleman's birthday?"

"No," said Johnson. "It's not a fête. My wife has decided to divorce me."

"So," said the porter. "I hope not." The other porter shook his head. The third porter seemed a little deaf.

"It is doubtless a common experience," said Johnson, "like the first visit to the dentist or the first time a girl is unwell, but I have been upset."

"It is understandable," said the oldest porter. "I understand it."

"None of you gentlemen is divorced?" Johnson asked. He had stopped clowning with the language and was speaking good French now and had been for some time.

"No," said the porter who had ordered Sportsman. "They don't divorce much here. There are gentlemen who are divorced but not many."

"With us," said Johnson, "it's different. Practically every one is divorced."

"That's true," the porter confirmed. "I've read it in the paper."

"I myself am somewhat in retard," Johnson went on. "This is the first time I have been divorced. I am thirty-five."

"Mais vous êtes encore jeune," said the porter. He explained to the two others. "Monsieur n'a que trente-cinq ans." The other porters nodded. "He's very young," said one.

"And it is really the first time you've been divorced?" asked the porter.

"Absolutely," said Johnson. "Please open the wine, mademoiselle."

"And is it very expensive?"

"Ten thousand francs."

"Swiss money?"

"No, French money."

"Oh, yes. Two thousand francs Swiss. All the same it's not cheap."

"No."

"And why does one do it?"

"One is asked to."

"But why do they ask that?"

"To marry some one else."

"But it's idiotic."

"I agree with you," said Johnson. The waitress filled the four glasses. They all raised them.

"Prosit," said Johnson.

"A votre santé, monsieur," said the porter. The other two porters said "Salut." The champagne tasted like sweet pink cider.

"Is it a system always to respond in a different language in Switzerland?" Johnson asked.

"No," said the porter. "French is more cultivated. Besides this is la Suisse Romande."

"But you speak German?"

"Yes. Where I come from they speak German."

"I see," said Johnson, "and you say you have never been divorced?"

"No. It would be too expensive. Besides I have never married."

"Ah," said Johnson. "And these other gentlemen?"

"They are married."

"You like being married?" Johnson asked one of the porters.

"What?"

"You like the married state?"

"Oui. C'est normale."

"Exactly," said Johnson. "Et vous, monsieur?"

"Ça va," said the other porter.

"Pour moi," said Johnson, "ça ne va pas."

"Monsieur is going to divorce," the first porter explained.

"'Oh," said the second porter.

"Ah ha," the third porter said.

"Well," said Johnson, "the subject seems to be exhausted. You're not interested in my troubles," he addressed the first porter.

"But, yes," said the porter.

"Well, let's talk about something else."

"As you wish."

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"What can we talk about?"

"You do the sport?"

"No," said Johnson. "My wife does, though."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"I am a writer."

"Does that make much money?"

"No. But later on when you get known it does."

"It is interesting."

"No," said Johnson, "it is not interesting. I am sorry, gentlemen, but I have to leave you. Will you please drink the other bottle?"

"But the train does not come for three quarters of an hour."

"I know," said Johnson. The waitress came and he paid for the wine and his dinner.

"You're going out, sir?" she asked.

"Yes," said Johnson, "just for a little walk. I'll leave my bags here."

He put on his muffler, his coat, and his hat. Outside the snow was falling heavily. He looked back through the window at the three porters sitting at the table. The waitress was filling their glasses from the last wine of the opened bottle. She took the unopened bottle back to the bar. That makes them three francs something apiece, Johnson thought. He turned and walked down the platform. Inside the café he had thought that talking about it would blunt it; but it had not blunted it; it had only made him feel nasty.

## Part III

### THE SON OF A FELLOW MEMBER AT TERRITET

In the station café at Territet it was a little too warm; the lights were bright and the tables shiny from polishing. There were baskets with pretzels in glazed paper sacks on the tables and cardboard pads for beer glasses in order that the moist glasses would not make rings on the wood. The chairs were carved but the wooden seats were worn and quite comfortable. There was a clock on the wall, a bar at the far end of the room, and outside the window it was snowing. There was an old man drinking coffee at a table under the clock and reading the evening paper. A porter came in and said the Simplon-Orient Express was an hour late at Saint Maurice. The waitress came over to Mr. Harris's table. Mr. Harris had just finished dinner.

"The Express is an hour late, sir. Can I bring you some coffee."

"If you like."

"Please?" asked the waitress.

"All right," said Mr. Harris.

"Thank you, sir," said the waitress.

She brought the coffee from the kitchen and Mr. Harris put sugar in it, crunched the lumps with his spoon, and looked out the window at the snow falling in the light from the station platform.

"Do you speak other languages beside English?" he asked the waitress.

"Oh, yes, sir. I speak German and French and the dialects."

"Which do you like best?"

"They are all very much the same, sir. I can't say I like one better than another."

"Would you like a drink of something or a coffee?"

"Oh, no, sir, it is not permitted to drink in the café with the clients."

"You wouldn't take a cigar?"

"Oh, no, sir," she laughed. "I don't smoke, sir."

"Neither do I," said Harris, "I don't agree with David Belasco."

"Please?"

"Belasco. David Belasco. You can always tell him because he has his collar on backwards. But I don't agree with him. Then, too, he's dead now."

"Will you excuse me, sir?" asked the waitress.

"Absolutely," said Harris. He sat forward in the chair and looked out of the window. Across the room the old man had folded his paper. He looked at Mr. Harris and then picked up his coffee cup and saucer and walked to Harris's table.

"I beg your pardon if I intrude," he said in English, "but it has just occurred to me that you might be a member of the National Geographic Society."

"Please sit down," Harris said. The gentleman sat down.

"Won't you have another coffee or a liqueur?"

"Thank you," said the gentleman.

"Won't you have a kirsch with me?"

"Perhaps. But you must have it with me."

"No, I insist." Harris called the waitress. The old gentleman took out from an inside pocket of his coat a leather pocket book. He took off a wide rubber band and drew out several papers, selected one, and handed it to Harris.

"That is my certificate of membership," he said. "Do you know Frederick J. Roussel in America?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"I believe he is very prominent."

"Where does he come from? Do you know what part of the States?"

"From Washington, of course. Isn't that the headquarters of the Society?"

"I believe it is."

"You believe it is. Aren't you sure?"

"I've been away a long time," Harris said.

"You're not a member, then?"

"No. But my father is. He's been a member for a great many years."

"Then he would know Frederick J. Roussel. He is

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one of the officers of the society. You will observe that it is by Mr. Roussel that I was nominated for membership."

"I'm awfully glad."

"I am sorry you are not a member. But you could obtain nomination through your father?"

"I think so," said Harris. "I must when I go back."

"I would advise you to," said the gentleman. "You see the magazine, of course?"

"Absolutely."

"Have you seen the number with the colored plates of the North American fauna?"

"Yes. I have it in Paris."

"And the number containing the panorama of the volcanoes of Alaska?"

"That was a wonder."

"I enjoyed very much, too, the wild animal photographs of George Shiras three."

"They were damned fine."

"I beg your pardon?"

"They were excellent. That fellow Shiras——"

"You call him that fellow?"

"We're old friends," said Harris.

"I see. You know George Shiras three. He must be very interesting."

"He is. He's about the most interesting man I know."

"And do you know George Shiras two? Is he interesting too?"

"Oh, he's not so interesting."

"I should imagine he would be very interesting."

"You know, a funny thing. He's not so interesting. I've often wondered why."

"H'm," said the gentleman. "I should have thought any one in that family would be interesting."

"Do you remember the panorama of the Sahara Desert?" Harris asked.

"The Sahara desert? That was nearly fifteen years ago."

"That's right. That was one of my father's favorites."

"He doesn't prefer the newer numbers?"

"He probably does. But he was very fond of the Sahara panorama."

"It was excellent. But to me its artistic value far exceeded its scientific interest."

"I don't know," said Harris. "The wind blowing all that sand and that Arab with his camel kneeling toward Mecca."

"As I recall the Arab was standing holding the camel."

"You're quite right," said Harris. "I was thinking of Colonel Lawrence's book."

"Lawrence's book deals with Arabia, I believe."

"Absolutely," said Harris. "It was the Arab reminded me of it."

"He must be a very interesting young man."

"I believe he is."

"Do you know what he is doing now?"

"He's in the Royal Air Force."

"And why does he do that?"

"He likes it."

"Do you know if he belongs to the National Geographic Society?"

"I wonder if he does."

"He would make a very good member. He is the sort of person they want as a member. I would be very happy to nominate him if you think they would like to have him."

"I think they would."

"I have nominated a scientist from Vevey and a colleague of mine from Lauzanne and they were both elected. I believe they would be very pleased if I nominated Colonel Lawrence."

"It's a splendid idea," said Harris. "Do you come here to the café often?"

"I come here for coffee after dinner."

"Are you in the University?"

"I am not active any longer."

"I'm just waiting for the train," said Harris. "I'm going up to Paris and sail from Havre for the States."

"I have never been to America. But I would like to go very much. Perhaps I shall attend a meeting of the society some time. I would be very happy to meet your father."

"I'm sure he would have liked to meet you but he died last year. Shot himself, oddly enough."

"I am very truly sorry. I am sure his loss was a blow to science as well as to his family."

"Science took it awfully well."

"This is my card," Harris said. "His initials were E. J. instead of E. D. I know he would have liked to know you."

"It would have been a great pleasure." The gentleman took out a card from the pocketbook and gave it to Harris. It read:

DR. SIGISMUND WYER, PH.D.

Member of the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

"I will keep it very carefully," Harris said.

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# The Case for Bureaucracy

## *By Charles and William Beard*

*The "one great moral stabilizer now operating in American society" is the claim made by the authors of "The American Leviathan" for the permanent body of civil servants now under fire from those who would "smash bureaucracy."*

America is a home of frenzy. Whether it has more or less than other countries may be left to philosophers for debate, but it has its full share. It is the land of Millerites, Groaners, Come-outers, Holy Rollers, Voodooists, Wets, Drys, and other sure-fire, non-failing absolutists. Once it was making the world safe for democracy; then it was rushing back to normalcy with Harding and Fall. Once it was going up forever in the Coolidge stratosphere; then it was coming down to eternal gloom with the Hoover Romance Corporation. This passion is not confined to our lower orders; it seizes our very best people; there has not been a single major uproar of the past fifty years which has not been supported by an impressive array of intelligence.

Among the latest deliriums is that of waging war on the bureaucracy, now full of noise and promise. Some of our very best people are doing it, usually without discrimination, for discrimination takes the edge off of propaganda. The perfect case against "this new menace to civilization," the bureaucracy, was recently presented in graphic form in a Los Angeles paper. The cartoon showed several overstuffed hogs, labelled "Officialdom," voraciously snoozling at a big trough. At one end of the trough stood that well-known man, Mr. John Citizen, a short fellow, goggle-eyed, spavin-boned, baggy-kneed, in distress, his pockets inside-out, pouring his last pennies into the maw of the bureaucracy. "There is the enemy!" ran the cry. The remedy for our ills is the destruction of the bureaucracy. This work of cauterization will cure everything from unemployment to Spengler's syncope.

How is the case presented? Government is portrayed as a tissue of corruption, waste, extravagance, inefficiency, and futility. A great sensation is worked up over the expenditure of public money for the distribution of lantern slides on "First Aid in Window Curtaining." The finances of the Shipping Board, the Farm Board, and the Post Office Department are exhibited in tables, curves, and humps. Teapot Dome and Tammany's tin boxes are displayed—with caution and reference to observers. And on the whole a gruesome picture is successfully concocted out of innumerable fragments.

On the other side we see the honest, efficient man of business eager to "set our productive forces free" and do good to mankind, ready to do it, if he could only get rid of foolish and hampering regulations administered by the bureaucracy. Our pioneer spirit of independence and freedom, it is urged, balks at these restraints; if the government would only get out of the way, this spirit would "start things up again." Why don't we do something about it?

Clearly here is an issue in statecraft. Efforts can be made to state it judicially in the various forms pleasing to the human intellect. It lends itself to statistical and mathematical presentation: in tables, balance sheets, and equations. Some of them are germane to the problem, but all of them combined do not encompass it. It could be shown, no doubt, that the Navy Department wastes millions a year, but would the business men who profit from this waste appear in the statistical woodpile? The historical method could be applied, but that would prove ruinous to our artists in frenzy. It would show that our governments, federal and local, have been hammered and drummed into making huge expenditures by various business interests—real estate, industrial, shipping, and promotional—which now rage about the bureaucracy. In truth the very statement of the problem in scientific terms involves more searching of hearts, more reflection on the odds and ends of life, and a more embracing philosophy than are likely to be employed in the consideration of the matter at the present juncture.

Still a word or two of preliminary definition may help to illuminate the field. Bureaucracy may be a term of description or contempt. Strictly speaking a bureaucracy is a permanent body of civil servants, selected and promoted on principles of merit and competence rather than on grounds of partisan service. It is classified and graded and paid salaries and wages which, save in exceptional times, are usually lower than similar services command in the business world. The bureau-

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cracy in its several divisions—for it is not a united body—carries on the work of government from day to day, while politicians come and go. Composed of human beings it possesses its share of stupidity. Tied by laws and administrative orders and accounting regulations, it is inclined to routine and to shrink from the unusual which the hazards and incidents of real life are constantly throwing up for consideration and action. What we really mean when we speak of bureaucratic folly is simply human stupidity which we do not like, the bureaucratic locus being really incidental to the transaction. Probably every case of bureaucratic stupidity could be paralleled by one on the part of some high political official or some captain of industry (if the truth should get out). But definition is not the purpose of this article. For the moment we propose to depart from the hard, empirical method, so popular in American social science and so largely responsible for our general futility of thinking in this field, and import into the consideration of this issue a thing not to be mentioned on week days in the United States, namely, moral values of work. It is shocking, of course, in a great age of economists such as this, but the ends to be served justify the risks of error.

Is the bureaucrat's morality, the job holder's morality, *ipso facto,* worse than the business man's morality? Who are our leading business men? They are the men who have made the most money. What is the rule of business? It is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, to give as little as possible for as much as one can get. If a dreamy professor comes along, meets a realtor, and pays him a thousand dollars more for a house than the latter is willing to sell it for, would not the former be condemned as a fool in any well-bred American community and the latter congratulated on "making a good thing out of the deal?" There are exceptions, to be sure, much talk about service, but the business of business is to get money, to collect what the traffic will bear. If not, what is it?

The justification for this kind of ethics is that it supplies initiative, but peril of it lies in the fact that no civilization can endure which has written over its shrine: "No profit, nothing doing." And the justification of the bureaucracy lies in the fact that, allowing for dead wood and dead heads, it supplies from top to bottom an ideal which this country needs, the true soldier's ideal, namely, that great deeds may be done without hope of profit, either near or distant, openly and professed or sneakingly and concealed.

Without attempting anything systematic, we may start with our municipal fire departments. Not only must firemen be splendid examples of physical manhood; they must be stout of heart, fighters in a daring peace-time struggle. Scattered through our annals of fire are illustrations of work done without price. Several years ago when four firemen were at work on the roof of a blazing tenement in New York City their attention was attracted by shouts from below. Looking over the edge, they saw a man poised in a window where flames were almost ready to lick his back. Immediately two of the party lowered themselves over the cornice while the others held them by the ankles. Grasping the trapped tenement-dweller by the wrists, the human chain dragged him to the roof inch by inch. All in the day's work. Somewhat similar was the rescue performed about the same time by a second crew of firemen who saw two women enveloped by smoke at a fifth-story window inaccessible from below or above. One of their number climbed through an opening in an adjoining building and while his comrades held him by the feet swung himself across the chasm. Making contact on the other side, he brought the helpless victims one after the other to safety. No profits; no dividends.

Take another page from the firemen's diary. A third alarm is banged out on the bells of the New York fire houses at 1:30 in the morning when most of our best citizens are at night clubs or in bed. Apparatus begins to roll immediately from all directions, in a blizzard which hurls snow and sleet at men and machines with blinding force. Arriving on the scene of action the men hear the staccato reports of rifle shots—an armory is on fire, an armory filled with ammunition which explodes and sprays deadly bullets on the surrounding landscape. Undaunted by this hazard the men tackle the blaze. One crew is set to work in a narrow strip of street twenty-five feet wide, bounded on the one side by a flaming wall and on the other by a trench forty feet deep, an excavation for a subway. To cap the climax of peril, there are three tons of blasting powder in that pit and blazing embers fall upon it in a shower. But here the men stand their ground with offerings of death in front of them and possibilities of profits behind them—until they have done their whole duty.

Sometimes even investment securities are saved by fire fighters at great risks not pecuniary in character. Several years ago, during the famous Equitable Building blaze, a billion dollars' worth of paper, as well as the financial centre of the City, seemed at the mercy of the elements. A raging blizzard came up, shooting wind into the flames at a velocity in excess of sixty miles an hour. The temperature dropped until water almost froze at the mouths of the nozzles. Onlookers stood aghast as they saw the possibility that the fire might escape the bounds set by the cordon and devastate the lower end of the City. But the line held. The billion dollars' worth of paper was saved; it was not even discolored. Financiers were impressed. They add-

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ed by private subscription the sum of $185,000 to the firemen's pension fund—thus encouraging the sloth of bureaucracy.

All this, it may be said, is just sentiment, irrelevant sentiment. But, strange as it may seem, that all-important American document, the balance-sheet, can be applied to the business in hand. Fire-insurance companies make it a practice to lower their rates in cities which have standard equipment for fighting fires. The assumption is that if the men have the apparatus, they will use it effectively. Here business takes the efficiency of government for granted and measures results in dollars and cents. For example, the Chamber of Commerce of Grand Rapids, Michigan, reported not long ago that the $126,000 spent by the city for apparatus resulted in a drop of $85,000 a year in insurance charges at the outset and later of $175,000. The bureaucracy would work if it had the equipment.

Year in and year out another branch of the bureaucracy, composed of engineers, biologists, and bacteriologists, is supplying our very best citizens with water which they can safely drink and doing this without thought of cutting any melons for themselves. Out of 250 cities having over 30,000 inhabitants in 1927, 210 had municipal water plants. Paralleling this growth in public operation has been a precipitous drop in typhoid and Asiatic cholera, the two major water-borne epidemics. Los Angeles is one of the numerous cities which claim that not a single life has been lost from these causes over a period of many years.

In other fields of human health the bureaucracy has taken lead. One of its most signal victories has been the conquest of yellow fever. For centuries the origins of the dread malady were unknown. It struck Philadelphia in 1793 with merciless might, mowing down rich and poor, young and old, white and Negro, without discrimination. Of course business came to a halt. Many persons died in the streets and were long left unburied. A continuous stream of families poured from the city to outlying regions. Vain attempts were made to "purify" the atmosphere by shooting off cannon and building bonfires. Men put sponges over their mouths or carried smelling bottles of vinegar or camphor. Smoking was all the rage, for tobacco was deemed a specific. Eating garlic and concealing pieces of tarred rope on the person were also listed as remedies. Dreary indeed is the record of this calamity. Nor was yellow fever content with its laurels; in 1878 it again descended, this time on Memphis, putting 5000 to eternal sleep. During that year, it destroyed 20,000 people in the United States alone. Private medical men had time to discover the secret of the plague but never succeeded. The origins of the weird disease were still unknown.

They remained unknown when yellow fever broke out during the American occupation of Cuba. First, a strenuous sanitary campaign was tried, but in vain. Apparently cleanliness brought no relief. Determined to get at the roots of the evil, the Surgeon-General of our national Public Health Service appointed the Reed Commission to study the malady. Because animals were not believed to be subject to the plague, human beings had to risk their lives in direct experimentation. One member of the Commission allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito suspected of carrying the blight. Soon he died, a martyr to science. But before he sank into his last sleep he gave a record of the incident to guide his fellows. Controlled tests were next conducted on a group of American soldiers who cheerfully volunteered to risk their lives that others might live. A number of them were shut up in a screened room, to which were admitted mosquitoes that had already feasted on yellow fever victims. A second group was carefully shut off from contacts with any mosquitoes. Fortunately none of the first battalion died, though illness was general. As the second crowd remained healthy, the Commission pointed its finger at the mosquito as the culprit. After centuries of fruitless search, the secret had been located. By removing mosquito-breeding places—small pools of stagnant water—yellow fever was driven out of Havana in record time. In 1900 there were 310 deaths from yellow fever but after the Army doctor, William C. Gorgas, started to apply the new technic there were only five deaths. In 1905 another outbreak was promptly checked in the same way. Since then, eighteen years have passed without a trace of the ancient enemy in the very spot that was once its headquarters. Such is triumph number one.

Triumph number two occurred south of Cuba, on the Isthmus of Panama. When the United States undertook to build the Panama Canal, it had to cross a region infested with mosquitoes. Thousands of men had been slaughtered by fever during a previous French attempt to perform the same feat. But with Havana as a lesson, there was no need for further wholesale destruction. Doctor Gorgas, who had applied the new mosquito technic with success in Cuba, was ordered to repeat the miracle in Panama. And he did. He conducted an intensive campaign against these winged messengers of death. Six months after he began, he entered a room where a group of men were working on a corpse. "Take a good look at this man, boys," he said, "for it is the last case of yellow fever you will ever see. There will never be any more deaths from this cause in Panama." Marvel of marvels, he was right; the scourge that had blighted the region for some 400 years was at last vanquished. Not only was he instrumental in making

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it possible to complete our great waterway where others had failed, but he also gave a striking demonstration of efficiency in the bureaucracy.

To the bureaucracy also is to be ascribed an effective war of standards on commodity anarchy. Realizing that needless variants in the size, quality, or performance of merchandise were interfering with mass-production technic and cluttering up store shelves, the Bureau of Standards at Washington started a remedial campaign. Working through regular trade channels, it brought about a general agreement to reduce current sizes of paving brick from 66 to 4, and of range boilers from 130 to 13. Annual savings growing out of a series of such items reach the staggering estimated total of $300,000,000. Nor does the story end here. Inevitably standardization has become the basis of governmental purchasing. Federal goods are now bought by specification and tested for compliance. Soap is not contracted for on the basis of accompanying photographs of beautiful users, but on its cleansing merits alone. Stuart Chase estimates that technical control over federal buying, exercised through the Bureau of Standards, nets the government a saving of a cool $100,000,000 a year. Compared with the $2,000,000 a year spent for operating the institution, this is a "profitable transaction."

So much for a few items to be entered on the side of the bureaucracy. Now we may take a glimpse at the other side of the problem: if the grip of the bureaucracy were broken could *all* business men be trusted "to do the right thing"? Here again we have only the lamp of experience, the light of history, to guide us. Take steamboat inspection. Thirty years ago shipping concerns were allowed to do about as they pleased without "government interference" with their natural rights. One fine morning in June, 1904, the S.S. *General Slocum* sailed from New York on an excursion voyage. Aboard were 1358 passengers, mainly women and children, bound for a picnic. Shortly after it left the dock, the vessel caught fire. Within a few minutes it was a blazing inferno. Scores jumped into the river; others stayed on board and perished in the flames. One small boy, hoping to escape the rising tongues of fire, climbed a mast and then fell with it into the very heart of the volcano. Out of the 1358 who had merrily walked the deck, 1020 never saw the light of day again. One of the paddle wheels was found packed with mangled corpses caught up by the revolving blades. Such was the *Slocum* disaster.

This heavy loss of life was primarily due to gross negligence on the part of private owners. Although federal law required a weekly fire and boat drill, during which hose was supposed to be tested and boats lowered, none was held by the motley crew of the *Slocum*. Nor was this solely the result of laziness. While the hose on board was comforting to look at, it was little more than a decoy of death. Cheap stuff, consisting of but two layers of thread without rubber lining, it was far below the compulsory national requirements for steamboats. If a genuine fire drill had been held, this fact would have been disclosed, for the hose would have burst into shreds. It was a stroke of financial genius not to ruin the junk but to leave it nicely coiled up to reassure unfortunate women and children that all was well. Even when the flames began to eat up the vessel, very few men responded to the fire-bells by going to their stations. Those who did discovered that the hose burst at once. The rest of the men jumped overboard—a wiser course under the circumstances. Nor is this statement based merely on the testimony of survivors. Divers, after the accident, retrieved some of the water valves and found that they had never been opened. Further evidence was presented by hose that had never been unwound, discovered in the wreckage. Innocent men, women, and children were sacrificed for the sake of a paltry profit.

Now let us look at the state of the life-saving equipment. Neither passengers nor crew knew how to launch boats, for there had been no drills, as pointed out before. The rafts were tied to the ship with heavy wire which could not be cut with bare hands. Tugging, even by desperate people, was of no avail. Still worse is the fact that the life preservers were also decoys of death. Nine-tenths of them were thirteen years of age, whereas they should have been discarded after seven or eight years of service. Furthermore they were filled with granulated cork instead of cork blocks, destroying their buoyancy although not harming their appearance. Many were wired in place, preventing their removal. Others were so rotten that the cloth parted in the hands. Even when released, they were no help. Divers found a life buoy on the bottom of the river surrounded by four dead women with their hands clenched about it. This ring had gone down like a rock with four persons, when it should have supported a dozen. The only member of the crew who was drowned had put on a preserver; he vanished like a shooting star. The remaining seamen wore none—and escaped. "The rotten bags of glue and cork dust were for the passengers only," as a writer of the times suggested. Into the court room marched a coroner with one of the death traps. He dropped it into a tub of water and it sank immediately before the gaping eyes of the jury. To cover up their negligence, the owners of the ship went so far as to erase with acid the name of a vessel on an invoice and to insert that of the wreck. But the attempt to make the preservers on the *Slocum* appear new failed, for detectives noticed the change, and in the end found the good equipment still safe on the *Grand Republic*. After causing the death of hundreds, the company had resorted to forgery to clear its name!

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Aroused by such revelations President Roosevelt ordered a re-inspection of vessels engaged in local trade in the vicinity of New York harbor. Altogether 268 boats were gone over in an intensive study of equipment. What was the result? More than a third were found to have defective life preservers. A fourth had faulty fire hose, while less than half had as many feet of hose as were required by law. Incidentally it was discovered that a certain factory in New Jersey was engaged in making money out of this state of affairs by inserting bars of iron in "life preservers." More than 250 cork blocks were seized, every one containing a seven-inch bar of cast iron. Life preservers normally weigh around six pounds, but iron is cheaper than cork, per pound, hence the chance to save a few cents. Of course flotation tests would have showed that the finished product could carry only sixteen pounds instead of the legal minimum of twenty-four, but the company evidently hoped that government men would merely glance at the merchandise, not try it out in the water. If any full-grown person had put on the device over street clothes he would have courted death. There is an example of the business policy that sometimes prevails when the bureaucracy slips up and lenient officers allow private persons to do as they please.

Let us turn the searchlight of publicity on another corner. This time we see a manufacturer of aircraft asking federal agents to examine his product and check its performance against the standards set for obtaining licenses. A government agent makes an inspection, and condemns one model of plane. The factory claims that it is perfectly all right and argues that the test was unfair. "Well, then," says the national officer, "try it out yourself with your own staff and I will watch." So a company pilot goes up with a stock ship. High in the air it drops into a tail-spin. Hard though the aviator fights to regain control, his efforts are of no avail. Rather than crash to his death, he jumps with a parachute. Yet the builder of those flying coffins would have been willing to unload them on the public if the "bureaucrats" had not intervened.

Swinging our searchlight again, we run across more trouble. This time it has to do with foods and drugs. Federal officers have taken out of circulation by private enterprise the following "quaint" products: chicory and clay molded in the form of coffee berries, colored and flavored to represent coffee but containing no trace of the latter; white stone ground into a fine powder and mixed with wheat flour; vinegar tinctured with sulphuric acid; milk made synthetically and not containing one drop of the genuine substance; artificially colored sawdust ground and added to Cayenne pepper; a cure for pernicious anæmia consisting largely of ground granite; a cure for cancer in the form of a bread and milk poultice; two syrups similar to New Orleans molasses offered as a "sure remedy" for all ailments of the kidneys; and an Epsom-salts compound "guaranteed" to cure diabetes. State agents add further data, Idaho having seized the following: a baking powder with arsenic in it; peanuts coated with poisonous shellac; lemon extract containing no lemon juice at all; and a gallstone "cure" made of a mixture of olive oil and Seidlitz powders.

Any one wishing to conduct further explorations into this field of profit-making at public expense has only to examine two volumes entitled *Nostrums and Quackery*. Prepared by the American Medical Association, this work describes hundreds of fake enterprises. Testimonials were tracked down by detectives and found to be utterly false. Letter brokerage businesses were aired. It appears that readers of advertisements were encouraged to write confidential letters on the understanding that their contents would be kept secret. Volume Two displays a photograph of two bundles of such mail, part of a supply of 140,000 letters that had found its way to a letter brokerage firm. The latter rents the sheets to any one, at $5 per thousand. "Sucker" lists are thus made available to a whole gamut of parasites. It is related that a "scientific institute" in a foreign country sold impressive degrees to add to quack doctors' names for $5 per set, and approved almost anything—for a fee.

A final flash of the searchlight takes us back to radio conditions six years ago. During 1926 a certain Chicago broadcasting plant sought more time on the air. Being refused the extension by the federal government, it pirated a wave-length assigned to Canada and suited itself. Furthermore the courts sustained the action on the grounds that existing federal laws failed to give national authorities concrete control over station operation. So for a period of some months, until Congress passed a remedial measure, everybody was free to go his own way. What happened? Mr. Caldwell, of the Federal Radio Commission, gives the answer. Stations "jumped without restraint to new wave-lengths which suited them better, regardless of the interference they might be causing to other stations. . . . Stations were soon wildly blanketing each other while distracted listeners were assailed with scrambled programmes. . . . New stations injected themselves into the already overcrowded situation and undertook to find perches on which to light; . . . and heterodyne interference between broadcasters . . . became so bad at many points on the dial that the listener might suppose instead of a receiving set he had a peanut roaster with assorted whistles. Indeed, every human ingenuity and selfish impulse seemed to have been exerted to complicate the

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tangle in the ether." *The Radio Broadcast Magazine* gives us actual statistics on pirating. Between July 1, 1926 and January 15, 1927, while federal control was dead, 181 new broadcasting stations went on the air, 148 more were being built, and 280 were in the planning stage. Besides, 150 increased their power and 104 changed wave-lengths. Beset by greed, private enterprise put an entire industry into chaos and not until the business was placed under the supervision of the federal bureaucracy by the Radio Act of 1927 was order established.

Evidently, then, as these random illustrations indicate, the business of the bureaucracy is highly complicated and is not to be disposed of with a bludgeon. It runs to the very root of American civilization. It involves nearly all functions touching the care and protection of human life in America and touching the operations of national economy as well. If the entire bureaucracy should quit functioning for a day, water would cease to flow at most faucets, sewer pumps would stop, guides to navigation on the sea and in the air would be cut off, epidemics would spread swiftly from lurking centres, millions of school children would run home to make problems for their harassed parents, criminals and lunatics would break loose from their cells, thousands of sick in the hospitals would go hungry, and the publicly operated charities would close, with what discomforts to our very best people no one could tell. This bureaucracy serves society with all the sciences and arts known to modern age, beginning with agronomy at the top and running down through bacteriology, biology, chemistry, electrical engineering, hydraulics to X-ray expertism and zymotic disease specialism at the bottom—an amazing technical and economic structure, reaching in its ramifications far beyond the eye of any single observer.

It would be easy to pick out illustrations of steady and efficient functioning on the part of numerous bureaus and agencies in Washington—work done by the bureau of mines in saving human lives, by the coast guard in stormy seas winter and summer, by the men who manage the vast system of airways, by the forest service in conserving and guarding the national forest domain, by the public health service, and so on through a catalogue filling a volume. Where we find a bureau functioning in some field that does not invite collision with private enterprise, we usually discover the most intelligence and public spirit. But generally the bureaus are hampered in constructive work by acquisitive pressures from the outside. Take the forest service, for example. Private lumber concerns in the United States are now generally in favor of conservation, because they do not want any more federal timber lands opened for exploitation. They have too much unsold lumber on hand. But they do not want any rational use of federal timber, for the same reason; and millions of board feet are rotting in the federal forests. That is not the fault of the forest bureaucracy. Additional illustrations would be superfluous.

Only the uninformed, therefore, can speak cheerfully about swinging the axe on the bureaucracy. Those who call for drastic action usually have some private axe of their own to grind, and should always be brought up for inquiry as to inner motive. In the frenzied search for "relief," smashing the bureaucracy is about the most perilous operation which social tinkers can undertake. There is waste in this machine, of course, and all manner of pulling at cross purposes. There are deadheads in it also. But a large part of the friction and futility visible in government is due to the friction and stupidity in society at large. To the very wise it seems idiotic that some bureaucrats are frantically working to exterminate wheat rust and other plant diseases, while other bureaucrats are frantically calling on the farmers to cut down their annual output of wheat. But that display of idiocy is just what the American public in its present state of confusion demands of the bureaucrats.

The task in hand, accordingly, is more comprehensive than hurried tinkers imagine. It is nothing less than a complete survey of the huge Interventionist State which we have been building up almost by inadvertence during the past fifty years under the drive of technical progress, and a re-definition of fundamental public policies such as the Fathers of this Republic made in 1787. We must take stock of the functions devolved upon our bureaucracy, and decide whether we prefer the risks of present muddling or the risks of a collectivism more thoroughgoing than our very best people are willing to concede. If we are to muddle, then we should accept the evil as well as the good of it, and look upon the bureaucracy as the one great moral stabilizer now operating in American society.

If we can get into the mood to accept the collectivist handwriting on the wall, then we shall need more, not less, bureaucracy, more loyal public servants, better trained servants, men and women more conscious of their responsibilities to the state. We may find it desirable to stop most of our amateurism in government—this jumping from the treasury into fat banking jobs, from the income-tax division into the lucrative business of gouging income-tax refunds out of the public till, from the geological survey into the employment of private corporations bent on acquiring more of the public domain. We may even find it socially expedient to accord as much public honor to a common seaman of the coast guard killed in an effort to make a rescue in a storm as to a financier who successfully bets on the price of stocks, makes fifty millions, angelizes for a political party, chisels his way into the Court of St. Johns; and dies of over-rich food while at his "post of duty."

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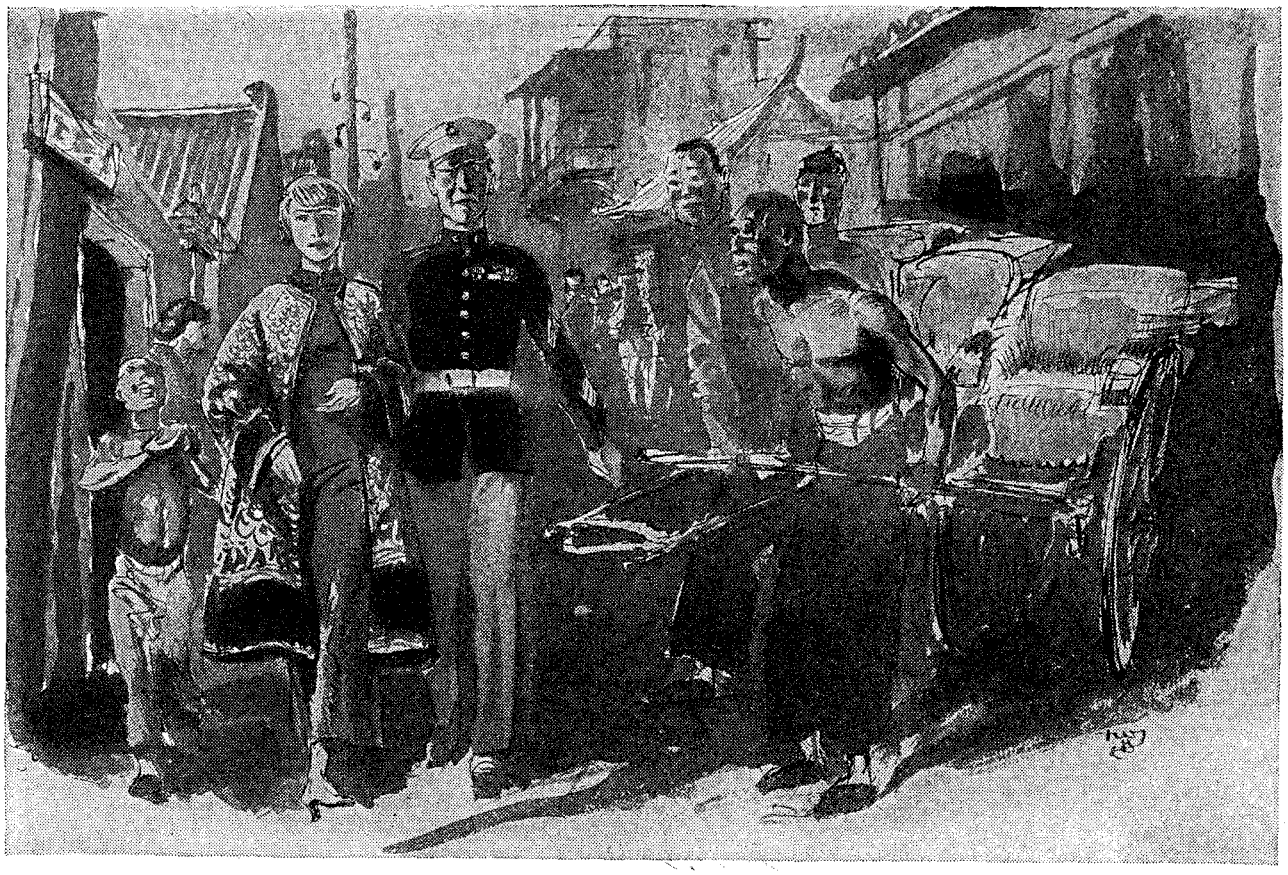

*I recognized Sergeant Starne, one of our best non-coms, but I did not know the woman*

# Mixed Marriage

## A STORY


## *By Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.*

U. S. M. C.

*Illustrations by the Author*


THERE had been fighting between our people and the French Colonial Infantry, in the *hutungs* east of Hatamên Street, and I was on detail as patrol officer until matters quieted down. Patrol duty is not exacting, because the fighting is finished by the time it is officially reported, and the actual shock troops are either laid up in the sick bay for repairs, or clapped into the brig; but our colonel likes to have a commissioned officer on the ground until the ugly passions of revenge are purged from the hearts of the soldiery concerned by the drastic action of courts-martial. The normal military police go on station through the district during liberty hours, and the officer has merely to take a look around at dark, and another about midnight, and to be in reach of a telephone between times. It was late summer and a fine evening, and I left my ricksha on Hatamên, to go on foot up the *hutung* which leads to the Guard Y. M. C. A., and thence by a twisting course through the dark regions of the cabarets where our young men take their pleasure. As I approached the Y. M. C. A., there emerged from the door of its restaurant a marine in dress blues, with a woman on his arm.

The *hutung* here opens to the west, and the sun was down, but the afterglow filled the narrow way with ruddy light. The marine repelled a pack of ricksha coolies that sprang up, yelping for custom, and came along towards me with his lady. I recognized Sergeant

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Starne of my machine-gun company; one of our best non-coms, large and magnificent in his dress blues; but I did not know the woman. She was large too, and on the buxom side, in a light mandarin coat of figured silk that followed her lines—what you might call a fine figure of a woman, if you like them that way. She turned her face toward me when the sergeant saluted, and it was a high-colored, rather handsome face. She had thick yellow hair, worn as a Chinese girl would wear it: cut square at about the angle of the jaw, and banged across the forehead. Her mouth was curved and red, and her brows were remarkable: they were very dark, and almost joined in a thick bar across her nose, an effect of distinction rather than beauty. For the rest, there was a firm chin, with no fat under it, and a strong round neck, like a column, and eyes that were neither blue nor violet, but of an odd color, somewhere between. I remember faces. And I knew that I had seen that face before, in another place, and a long time ago.

The *hutungs* were entirely tranquil: even the Yen Lee Bar, wrecked last night, had made repairs and was doing business. Our people drank their beer and cultivated their Korean girls with conscious virtue, under the eyes of the bored patrol. I rode home through the dusty Peking twilight, searching my memory for a name and place that evaded me. When I went back for my midnight round, I finished at the Du Nord bar, a German place of famous food and drink, and always orderly: but sometimes a marine goes to sleep in a corner there, and a deck court follows. Sergeant Starne and his friend sat at a table on the ladies' side, deep in serious talk. The woman was not, I thought, quite sober, and her face was raddled in the light, as though she had been crying; while the Sergeant had the bleak look that I have seen him wear when matters are not going well.

## II

Now, I could have put a question to my sergeant, next day, but one does not intrude upon the personal affairs of enlisted men. And the thing stayed with me, like some old tune half-remembered, that throbs in your head but will not shape itself into notes. It annoyed me, and annoyed Leda also, because she found me abstracted when I should have made cheerful talk, or given correct attention to her own remarks. She said, it was plain that I had something on my mind, and she declared that she couldn't bear secretive people.

Then, of an afternoon while we drank tea with ourselves in the garden of our compound, and she rehearsed to me the seating arrangements for a little dinner we were having that night, it came to me. I straightened up, and said aloud, "I remember her—of course—" "Of course, what?" asked Leda, with a brittle note in her voice. "Who is this you remember? I wasn't talking about a girl. I was asking you where you thought I ought to place old Colonel Rantor. You know I can't put him on my right, because there's M'sieur Braile, and he's a *chargé*. Really, I think you might be a little help to me. You might at least listen to what I'm saying. It's as much your dinner as it is mine. If you weren't in the Guard, I wouldn't have to worry about these official dinners. And here you are, mooning over some girl——"

I told her about it.

It goes a long way back, far enough to make me realize that I am getting old. In 1911, I entered the State University at Austin, where I took my meals in Mrs. Nettie Pine's boarding house with a dozen other freshmen. Mrs. Nettie Pine was a lady of the grenadier type. An air of pious gloom hung about her pale features, and pervaded the dustless spaces of her house. The authorities recommended her establishment to the anxious parents of new students, because of its high moral atmosphere, but she had few second-year boarders: when you are a sophomore, you are able to make your own arrangements. She was a lady mighty in good works, a pillar of her church, and a notable supporter of foreign missions, especially those in the Chinese field; and she loved to discourse on such things to the young men at her table. It it fair to add that she fed abundantly and well, although you had to be on time to meals, and to bow under Grace before them. And then there was Mrs. Pine's daughter, Maydelle.

Maydelle was hard to account for. Her mother might, you considered, have been good-looking when she was young, but Mr. Pine was a dim little reddish man with a stringy neck and a pot-belly, who had some vague job in the Capitol. He ate with us, silent and apprehensive under Mrs. Pine's formidable eye, and smoked a corn-cob pipe on the porch afterwards. He never said anything, except on Saturday nights when he came home with a moist look, and the smell of cloves about him; then he was apt to lash out with surprising opinions on the Spanish War, in which he had participated to the extent of going to Corpus Christi with the Texas volunteers and having typhoid fever. Mrs. Pine made no secret of the fact that she regarded him as a weak vessel, unfit to be trusted with his own spending money.

But Maydelle, their daughter, was lovely. She was, as the freshman from Uvalde said, as pretty as a painted pony. She was eighteen or so, and, across the years, I remembered a tall girl, just rounding out, and not too much of her anywhere. She had a great wealth of yellow hair, which she did in thick plaids wound around her small head, with a fringe in front, just short of her brows. And those brows were nearly black, and joined across her nose, while her eyes had very long and dark lashes, and were the color of the purple

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iris, that bloom on the Texas prairies in the spring: the flower they call the blue bonnets. Her mouth was long and curved and red, and should have been good-humored, but it was usually sullen. For Mrs. Pine had—as she would tell you, frequently—the strictest ideas on the bringing up of girls. Maydelle could not join a sorority: they were frivolous and foolish. She could not have engagements with young men; they turned a girl's thoughts from the worth-while things of life. She could not dance: that was against the Discipline of the Church. Maydelle was being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that was all there was to it. Many were, in Texas, twenty years ago. One afternoon, passing the house, I saw her drying her hair at an upstairs window. She had let it out in the sun, and it hung over the sill, nearer two yards long than one, like Rapunzel's in the fairy tale. I stood and gazed, with my mouth open, until she noticed me. The shade banged down, and Maydelle would not meet my eye for a week.

Of course all of us fell desperately in love with her, but, as Mrs. Pine grudgingly admitted, she was a sweet, good girl, and we were not encouraged, neither in the house, nor in class, nor around the campus. I remember my attempt, for I tried to fall in with her on the way home at noon. "I wish you'd go along," she said, evenly, looking me in the eye. "You'll only get me into trouble with Mother." Then she gave me a steady view of the prettiest profile in the University, and I retired in bad order. What else? But it was worth while, just to look at her three times a day, and for the rest of your leisure, there were plenty of delicious girls, not guarded like Danaë in her brass tower.

That year, the autumn was running into winter when there came to Mrs. Pine's boarding house a Manchu gentleman named Chang—Mr. Chang, the first Chinese student our university ever received. Now, they tell me they are all over the place. He had credits from some Northern college or other, and he entered our School of Law. He turned up at Mrs. Pine's by chance, but Mrs. Pine was delighted. She had, for many years, contributed to the uplift of the yellow heathen, and now she was rewarded by being able to receive one of those interesting creatures under her own roof. Although she did not, in ordinary, take lodgers—except two desiccated ladies of the Fine Arts Department—she gave Mr. Chang her best room, and seated him on her right hand at the table, with Maydelle at his side.

This Mr. Chang was a slender man, with narrow shoulders and small-boned, beautiful hands that seemed of little use to him. He had a pale, triangular face, the color of old parchment, and a head of glistening black hair, brushed back and never disarranged. His narrow bright eyes were set at the slightest of angles, and his nose was low in the bridge, thin, and faintly aquiline. He had a ready smile, but his usual expression was one of bland indifference, and in those first months, a stranger, he only spoke when spoken to. His voice was high and small, but his English was precise, and rather better, I imagine, than our own lazy Southern dialect. To most of us he remained a stranger. He had the unfailing, flawless courtesy of an ancient people, and nobody ever knew what went on behind those smooth eyes of his: we wrote him off as an inscrutable Oriental, and were a little proud of him. Now that I have served some years on the Chinese Station, I consider that he was not mysterious at all; he was merely bored, a Chinese gentleman exiled among the Outer Barbarians. The Chinese are not, as a race, inscrutable. They are incapable of concealing anything, and they pass their lives on the edge of hysterics, with nerves as tight as fiddle strings.

Mrs. Pine made the most of him. She drew from the university library all the books on China—there were not many—and read up the reports from the foreign missions of her church. We heard a great deal about China at the table that winter—most of it from Mrs. Pine. Mr. Chang listened with his invariable politeness, and said, "Yes, the missionaries did a great deal of good," and words to that general effect. From the first Sunday, she took him to church, along with Maydelle: Sunday school and the service in the morning, evening services, prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, and song service Fridays. The three became a familiar sight, pacing sedately: Mrs. Pine, majestic as a line-of-battle ship under full sail; Mr. Chang, quiet and decent in his good new English clothes, with his hat set precisely on the centre of his head; and Maydelle on the other side, handsome and a little sullen. We were told plainly, one evening, that Mr. Chang was a reproach to us—a living, breathing reproach. Here he was, redeemed from the error in which he was born, walking in the light; while we, sons of Christian homes, devoted the Sabbath to idle courses, such as reading magazines, and picnicking on the Colorado River, and playing dominoes. Mrs. Pine said we ought to be ashamed.

Spring is always a pretty time of the year in central Texas. The brown fields of southern winter come green again, and the purple iris colors the prairies. Soft new foliage, yellow-green and emerald, brightens the dark masses of pine and cedar on the low hills. The budding tall cottonwoods around the campus are crowded overnight with congregations of blackbirds—the great noisy grackles, with iridescent plumage and yellow eyes, loafing north with the sun. The cardinals go about the business of mating like darts of flame in the gardens, and the mocking-birds sing marvellously from among the pear blossoms. The canoes break out with fresh paint on the river, and we buy light spring suitings and new neckties, while each co-ed is more beautiful

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than the next. Those days, Maydelle and Mr. Chang began to walk home together from classes, and we assumed the benediction of Mrs. Pine. But spring is no time to watch another affair—you have your own in hand. I remember in that April a dark girl from San Saba County: her first name was Clem, and she was a Tri Delt sister, and her last name I have forgotten, but it is probably changed now. Maydelle was as easy to look at as ever, but I did not linger after supper, when they sat out on the porch in the glamourous warm evenings—I had another place to go.

Then, one Monday morning towards the end of May, with Commencement in sight, and the pleasant bustle of proms and germans in the air, Maydelle did not appear at breakfast, nor did Mr. Chang. Mrs. Pine was in her chair, with a face like death, and the Negro boys looked pop-eyed and scared. By noon, the campus buzzed with it: Maydelle had run away with the Chink, or the Chink had run away with her, Sunday night after church. It was reported that they had been seen, getting aboard the eleven o'clock Katy Flier to San Antonio. Mrs. Pine's house, in the evening, was full of friends condoling with her, as Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar condoled with their friend Job. It was understood that she stated: she had warmed a viper in her bosom, or two vipers, and that the girl Maydelle was dead to her. There was some talk of lynching, but nobody was available to lynch. Mr. Pine got drunk. A group of sophomores, inflamed with beer, on the way up from Second Street, tossed brickbats through the windows of the inoffensive Cantonese laundrymen

established in that quarter; and a week later vacation was starting, and we forgot it. By next term it was a legend of the university, and I have not thought of it for twenty years.

"Well," commented Leda, after listening politely, "if this should happen to be the same person, it would be too much of a coincidence, really. Now, about Colonel Rantor—I wish you'd get me the date of his commission —I'll ask somebody about that woman, if you'll find out her name. There're lots of funny people in Peking that you never see or hear of."

## III

Soon after this, mounting guard as Officer of the Day, I observed with pleasure that Sergeant Starne had the Wall detail of the Guard. It was in the midst of one of those periodic spells of nervousness peculiar to Peking, when the air grows suddenly electric with rumors, and the sentries are enjoined to exercise especial vigilance. The high mass of the Tartar Wall is the backbone of our defence, and with Sergeant Starne holding it down, I knew that I could dismiss it from my mind, for he is that kind of a non-com. I finished my forenoon inspection with a walk along his sector, ending at the blockhouse by Chien Mên where our bastion overlooks the railroad station and the entrance to the teeming Chinese city, and I leaned in the angle of the old gray sun-warmed stone to rest, and to regard the swarming purlieus of Chien Mên, which is a sight that never tires you. Camels, rickshas, motor cars, ponies and mules in Peking carts, and little laden donkeys, and porters loaded beyond the limit of any respectable beast, and aimless leisurely pedestrians with no engagements, and beggars, and priests, and soldiers, all mill below you in noisy confusion, which is the way China does its business. And Sergeant Starne came along the wall, saluted, and stood easy near me.

I have known the Sergeant for a long time: we remember each other in great battles, when he was a company runner in the 8th Machine Gun Company, and I was in the first battalion of the 5th Marines, and we were both lighter on the feet and slimmer in the waist than we are now. A policeman, passing underneath us with two prisoners, drew our attention, and the Sergeant said he had seen an arrest made on the Ta Chan An Chih yesterday: the Shimbo ran up to his man, with that little coil of rope they carry instead of handcuffs, and made three motions, quicker than you could see with your eye—and there the bird was, all hog-tied, so that if he kicks any, he just strangles himself. We agreed that the Chinos had some very clever tricks. Then he said, stiffening, that he wanted to ask the Captain for advice. There was trouble in his broad, good soldier face.

Certainly, I told him, ask ahead. I never take advice myself, but giving it is easy.

"Well, sir, it's like this. I've got sixteen years in, this winter, and I want to get paid off out here and go in the Fleet Reserves. There's nothing for me back home, except more soldiering, and old Gimpel is offering me

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half a share in his business, if I go in with him. He says he's getting old, and he wants to slow up. I think it's a good chance for me."

I thought it a good chance too, and told him so, much as I'd hate to see him leave the service. Gimpel's Restaurant and Butchery Shop, on Hatamên, is much patronized by the Guard and the foreign colony, and very like a high-class German establishment in Hoboken. Gimpel himself is an old Marine, who was discharged on the station years ago, with much the same opening that he now offered Starne. "We can get you a special-order discharge, of course," I told him. "And as I remember the last pay roll I signed, you have money on the books——"

"Yes, sir. And considerable on my clothing allowance, and a little in the bank. A gold dollar goes a long way out here, now, with the exchange at four for one, and I don't blow it around, like some do. But that ain't what I was speaking to the Captain about. I want to get married."

As I have said, one does not ask questions. So I remarked, merely to show that I was following with attention, "Yes. Saw you the other night, coming out of the Y——"

"And in the Du Nord, sir. No, that wasn't her, sir—that old battle-ax. That's her mother, old Maydelle—Mrs. Maydelle Chang. I was giving her some state-side chow in the Y restaurant, which she said she craved. Then she wanted a brandy, and we went on to the Du Nord. I was trying to bring her around to my side. But I had no luck, sir. She wasn't takin' any."

"What did you say her name was?" I asked him. "She looked like somebody I used to know."

"Chang, sir. Maydelle Chang. She married a Chino student—ran off with him from the States, and thought she married him, but it seems like he put one over on her. I don't think that the Captain knows her. She's been in Peking twenty years. Told me all about it, the other night. What I think," the Sergeant concluded seriously, "is that she's crazy. Crazy as a bedbug. And if what she tells me is true, it's no wonder."

Then I heard, in the Sergeant's clipped laconic phrase, the latter end of the love story which we saw begin in that forgotten April on the other side of the world. For it was Maydelle.

## IV

They did, indeed, board that Katy Flier out of Austin, but they did not stop in San Antonio: they went on to Mexico City, where they were married by a *juez de instruccion*. The Sergeant was definite on that point; she had shown him a certificate, which he, having served much in the Latin Americas, recognized perfectly. Then Mr. Chang explained that urgent family affairs summoned him home to China, and he had already described to her, at length, the splendors of his ancestral halls, the courtyard, and the rock gardens, and the deep pools lighted by the languid flashes of the gold fish kept therein; and the numerous servants, and

*"I want to get paid off out here and go in the Fleet Reserves"*

the jades, and the silks, and the Siberian furs, and the glory of Peking, which was, he said, the centre of the world. No doubt it sounded better to the girl than Austin, Texas, and the elevated austerities of her mother's house. She went gladly with him to Mazatlan on the West Coast of Mexico, and they took passage on a Japanese ship for Taku.

"The way she told me about it," he said, "I blame her old lady, who was a holy kind of a party, always going to church and such, and turning out Maydelle for all formations. That's all right, if you like it; but she gives the girl no liberty, which is bad. Wouldn't let her have any dealings with boys. Kept her in all the time, same as a runnin' guard. But the old lady had a boarding house, and this Chang billets himself there, right on the inside track. Maydelle musta been pretty in those days—she's no bad looker now, considering what she's been through—and the Chino likes a big blonde woman sometimes—look at all these Russkys. Maydelle says he was the first man that ever touched her: used to hold

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her hand in church, right under Mama's nose. And then she let him in her room, nights. She learned about men from him, she did. Pretty soon there's a kid on the ways. If this Chang had been an American guy, that's when he'd a left town. Chang beat it, all right, but he took Maydelle with him, and she says she was glad to go. It's strange to me, but I never hear her say a hard word about that fellow. She says he treated her decent, as long as he lived, accordin' to his lights. I wonder," commented the Sergeant thoughtfully, "if these Chinamen haven't got something we don't know about. I've seen women crazy about them.

"She told me," continued the Sergeant, "That the trip across the Pacific was the happiest time she ever had in her life. She cried, talking about it. It took two brandies to get her sensible again."

They came on to Peking, it being 1912, with the dust of the first revolution just beginning to settle; a troubled time. She found that Mr. Chang had set forth with accuracy the details of his father's house: it was one of those old sprawled-out palaces in the West City, courtyard on courtyard, and pavilion on pavilion, with a miscellaneous horde of servants and hangers-on. There were, also, the silks and jades and ivories and porcelains, such things as she had never seen before. And goldfish pools in the Ming garden, not quite deep enough to drown you. But Mr. Chang had neglected to mention one detail—there welcomed him, with the rest of his clan, his wife, a fattish Chinese lady with two girl-children. And it was at once plain to Maydelle that her Mexican marriage was in Peking no marriage, and that her status in the house was that of a concubine.

Concubines have their place in the society of old China, authorized by law and confirmed by custom; a place not at all dishonorable, but hardly satisfactory to a Western woman with Maydelle's background. The Sergeant's impression, from her account, was that she went out of her mind at this time, and stayed that way until her baby was born. The head of the house was Chang's mother, a terrible old Manchu lady, "very hard-boiled," Starne considered. "Maydelle says everbody was afraid of her, Mr. Chang just as much as the rest of them. Dressin' the old lady, in the mornings, was a sort of a ceremony, like guard mounting, which all the women turned out for; and Maydelle says she's seen her stab the servant girls with those long silver hairpins they have, when they were fixin' her hair, and pulled it. Says she'd stand them at attention in front of her and stick the pins through their cheeks. And Maydelle was the foreign devil in that layout, an' no mistake. This Chang was so scared of the old madam that he hardly ever came to see her, and the only other person decent to her was the number one wife. Maydelle says she was as kind as could be—taught her to embroider—taught her some Chinese game or other that they played to pass the time—taught her enough of the language to get along on, and helped her out when the kid came. She had a pavilion all to herself, and an old hare-lipped woman to wait on her, but she was all-same prisoner. She tried to smuggle a word out to the Legation, but she never heard from them. She even wrote home to her mother—and she says that was the hardest thing she ever did in her life—and the number one wife slipped the letter out for her. After so long a time the letter comes back, in a big envelope with a state-side stamp—just torn across in its envelope, without being taken out. Maydelle's mother must have been hard-boiled herself I reckon, from what she told me, that old lady would have been a good running mate for the Manchu woman."

Her standing improved after the baby came, because it was a boy-baby. Maydelle moved to a better pavilion, with a little more latitude; but for years she was never outside the palace: its walls bounded her life. There were three more children: a little boy that died, and then two girls that lived. And Maydelle noticed that the household was running down. Courtyards, occupied when she came, began to be emptied. Mr. Chang was away more and more; the old mother grew more angry and more savage. Outside in the world, things were happening: there was a great new tide flowing through China, and the house of Chang was in the path of it.

As it was with the house of Chang, so it went with all the Tartar families around the throne of the Ta Ch'ing, the Great Pure Dynasty. When the Manchus broke into China from the north, to sweep out the decayed Mings, they were a virile people, hard riders, ardent in war and keen at the chase, mighty eaters and drinkers, and strong begetters. Tall, big-boned men, they were at home in iron armor and the skins of beasts. They took the land of the Three Kingdoms as a soldier takes a fine girl, and they settled at ease when the fighting was done, to enjoy their conquest.

Then China had its way with them, as it has had with all its conquerors, even the terrible riders of Ghengis Khan. They bedded soft, who had slept in sheepskins on the bare ground: they bred their sons from the perfumed lily-footed women of the south, and those sons wore padded silk in place of iron plate, and forgot the saddle and the bow. In the room of K'ang-si and Chien Lung, opium-sodden degenerates came to sit on the Dragon throne. The Manchus were, in numbers, the slightest fraction of the inert millions of the land, and the state maintained them as a military caste, too noble for any kind of work. When the last revolution burst upon them, the iron-capped princes were a legend, and the virtue had gone out of their children. Ornamental and ineffective, they passed with their Emperor, and the savage slaughters and confiscations of

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the Republic left only a few of them, shorn of their great possessions, to fade with their memories in their dwindling palaces.

Mr. Chang had been sent abroad through some whim of the Prince, his father, in the last years of the Empire. to study the new learning of the West. Returning after the Revolution, he found that the old Prince had committed, as they say, self-ending, unwilling to survive his fortune; and that he himself was, by that same new learning, alienated from his own people. This is the common lot of the returned student. He fished in the troubled waters of counter-revolution, and tried his hand at politics, which is the resort of glib emptiness, but he had little luck.

The palace in the West City had been saved from the general ruin by his furious old mother, and it was presently living on the sale of its treasures, piled up carelessly in the lavish days. First went the few *mowe* of land, overlooked by greedy republicans, outside the Antingmên. Then, piece by piece, each yielding a handful of silver to carry them a while, they sold the porcelains, the scrolls, the jades and the ivories curiously carved, and the rugs and the snuff-bottles, and the t'ang horses, and the heavy red-wood furniture. As a courtyard was stripped, they closed it, and the servants fell away, and the years slid by, for time is a thing without meaning in China. Mr. Chang fell sick, one winter, and died slowly, between the hands of his wife and his yellow-haired concubine—poisoned, Maydelle thought; and the sale of certain old gifts from the Empress Dowager paid for the mean funeral procession that wound through the fields to the tombs of the ancestors. The old mother died. Maydelle, and the number one wife, and the children, now growing up, were huddled in one courtyard, with an old servant or two; and the weeds thrust out between the flagstones, and grass sprouted on the broken tiles of the roofs, and the Ming garden was a thorny wilderness where Maydelle's youngest was once lost for a whole morning.

"You know, sir," Starne commented, thoughtfully, "Maydelle has guts. After that one squeal to her maw, she never asked anybody for anything: she took it on the chin, and went on takin' it. Now, the way she tells me, she sort of comes out of it. She sees that steps have got to be taken, and she takes them. There's a Chinese swell that she remembers, a politico, pretty high up, a friend of this Chang's. She sends for him, and he gets her a job in one of these here middle schools, as they call them—you know, sort of high school, teaching English. That's a little money, enough to eat on regular. Besides this, she has some support from the politico. She was always a big, good-looking woman, strong as a horse, and she had kept her health. She'd come to where she didn't give a dam' for anything, and she did what she could. Through this politico, she gets her son, who's now coming on, appointed to a military academy of the government in the south—Nanking?—and he graduates with a commission in the army. He seems to have been a pretty good boy: came to see her when he could, went through some of these wars, and goes in for aviation. He was killed in Shanghai last winter, fighting the Japs. I remember when it happened: it was in the papers, but nothing else about him. You wouldn't have noticed, sir. The girls growed up. The oldest one —she was red-headed, Maydelle says, and a good looker—was always a sort of warm baby, and runs off. Maydelle don't know where she is, and don't want to know. But the youngest—her name's Louise—takes an education, such as it is, around here, and Maydelle got her placed, through a friend of hers, in that Caravan curio store— thus disrespectfully did the Sergeant refer to the establishment of my friend Enid Bond, the Caravan, which is one of the rare shops of the world, having connections in New York and Paris and Moscow. "Wait," I said, with excitement, you mean that Eurasian girl in the Caravan—Enid calls her by a Chinese name—clever as she can be—very pretty——"

"Yes, sir. That's her." The Sergeant chuckled. "Hwa Mei, that's her Chinese name—means Golden Mouse. That's just part of the joint's window-dressing. She's a dam' fine girl. She's the girl I'm telling you about. Lives at the Chinese Y. W. C. A. and works in the Caravan. That's Louise."

"Her mother don't keep her at home?"

"No, sir. Not for some years. You see—now, Captain, I ain't criticisin' Maydelle. She's had the hardest time of anybody I know, and the worst breaks. She still lives out in the old palace, with the number one wife and the number one wife's girls, and keeps them up. But she's fixed up a courtyard off to one side, for herself, and she has her friends come to see her. She stands in with some of the Chino swells, and there's a few of the senior non-coms that go out now and then. You can have a little game there, if you want: everything is very quiet and decent. She's still in the school—I don't know how she runs her affairs—but she runs them. And she don't want Louise to see that kind of thing, so Louise lives outside, and goes there, maybe, once a month. They get along."

I thought it over, while the Sergeant looked down into Chien Mên. Finally, I told him that I didn't see the difficulty. Louise, I supposed was willing—"Well, sir, it's all right between her and me." "Why," I told him, "I should think the old lady would be delighted. What's the objection? She know too much about you?"

"No, sir. All I ever took at her place was a few beers. I don't gamble, either, except a little penny-ante, and now and then some craps at the N. C. O. Club. And before I started going with Louise, I had my own little arrangements east of Hatamên. And she knows I

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stock up as well as anybody around here, and better than most, if I do say it myself. What she's down on is these mixed marriages. She says, I'm an American—like she was. And her child is neither American nor Chino —she's nothing—neither one thing nor the other. She says, mixed marriage won't do. She says, she'd better have died, than to have done like she did, and her children better never been born. She was glad when that boy crashed. She says her children would be better dead, for there's no place in the world for them, and no place for their children, and that the way to stop a bad thing is to stop it. So she says she rather see her daughter dead than married, and that if she couldn't stop it any other way, she'd kill her. And she meant it. She told me, that night in the Du Nord. She means what she says, that bird, and you know, sir, people die in this country—they die quick and easy and mysterious, and how do the police know what goes on back in a compound? They tend to their own business, the police do.

"But that ain't what stops me," the Sergeant finished, miserably. "I can take care of my wife: I ain't scared of the old lady, or anything else, that I can think of right now. The war cured me of being scared. It's Louise. She's as bull-headed, in her way, as her mother is. She says the old lady's had all the hard luck she rates, and she ain't going to add any to it. She won't go against her."

"Well, I don't see what I can do," I told him. "What do you want me to do? Tell me, and if I can, I'll do it. You think it would help if I went and talked to her?"

"No, sir: if it was me she was down on, I'd thank the Captain for a good word. But that ain't it. I don't know. I just hoped the Captain would think of something—" Seven bells struck at the Guard House below us, and we both had duties. I told him, as we moved off, that I'd see about it. I didn't believe that it would help for me to recall to her the old days, because, if she had wanted a contact with her own people, she could have had it; and it was plain that she was through with all that. I might make a bad matter worse. So I did nothing.

The other day, while I signed papers in my company office, there entered Sergeant Starne, and formally asked permission to request a special-order discharge on foreign station, with transfer to the Fleet Marine Reserve status. Certainly, I told him: we'd write the letter and forward it approved. That affair disposed of, my First Sergeant congratulated him, informally, on the housewarming of the night before, and I then understood why that invaluable non-commissioned officer's hand was so shaky, when he indicated the places for me to sign my name. And I observed that the face of Sergeant Starne was the face of a happy man. "You settled your affairs to suit you?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir: everything's lovely." He grinned. "I was dam' dumb, not seein' it quicker. I told you the old lady was crazy. Well, what she kicked about was marriage—gettin' all tied for good an' all. Now me and Louise are shacked-up—got a swell little Chinese house over by the Observatory—and everybody's happy. I don't know but what, after I get paid off, me and Louise will take a run down to Shanghai, or somewhere, and get church-married—if she still wants to. But any way you take it, it seems to me like it's another one on the old battle-ax."

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# After the Family—What?

## *By Ella Winter*

*Family life is weakening all over the world, but nowhere so much as in Soviet Russia where new conceptions have almost completely replaced the old. Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, from her experience in Russia, throws much interesting light upon the evolution of morals from the early excesses of the new freedom to the present.*

"What struck me particularly in America," said a Soviet educator on her return from the United States, "was that over there you think of the child primarily in relation to the family. We stress his relation to society."

"The family is not such a vital educational influence as it once was," said another, "and we do not believe it should come first in our considerations. Our children are not only members of a family unit, they are members of a class-room, a school, a Pioneer or Comsomol (Young Communist) group, a community. And these, not the family, should play the vital and predominant rôle in training and shaping them."

Family life is weakening in Russia because many functions the family used to perform are now undertaken by other agencies which perform them better than did the old individual home. Crêches and nursery schools take charge of small children, placing them in trained and expert hands; mechanized laundries take over Monday's washing and Tuesday's ironing from the housewife; meals are provided in restaurants and communal kitchens attached to farm and school and enterprise, so that no meals need be prepared in the individual apartment if the housekeeper does not wish it. Or if the family wants to eat at home, and yet not cook, a meal can be bought ready prepared at a factory kitchen and carried home in thermos containers. Some of the new workers' apartments are built with only a gas ring, no kitchen, for those who want to eat their main meals at their place of work or play. Others again have kitchenettes which "can be turned into closets when life is altogether communalized," as one architect explained.

It is true that some Communist writers advocated the break-up of the family long before the Revolution—but the break-up of the "bourgeois" family. What they railed against in the bourgeois family was its hypocrisy, its enslavement of women, its double-standard of morals, its difficulty of divorce, and the unjust penalizing of illegitimate children. Communists also disapprove of the domination of parents over children through their economic power. "From this the conclusion must not be drawn that men in the Revolutionary movement should not have families, nor the women bear children," said Lunacharsky, ex-Commissar of Education. "The main kernel of society is the family." But, he added, Communists could not decide in advance what form the new family would take. Trotsky, in his little book *Problems of Life* published in 1925, wrote: "Family relations are being shattered, some big chaotic process is going on"; but no one knew what would finally happen. Communists are as interested as any foreign observer in what is developing in their new society.

In other countries many of these changes are taking place also though perhaps in less organized fashion and in different proportions in different classes. While more children of the well-to-do spend their school-days at boarding schools and holidays at boys' and girls' camps, more workers' children utilize public playgrounds, parks and libraries. Material conditions, and therefore social life, are changing in the rest of the world enough for President Hoover's Committee on Recent Social Trends to report that "Many of the economic functions of the family have been transferred to the factory; its educational functions to the school, its supervision over sanitation and pure food to government." And elsewhere the report states: "The church and the family have declined in social significance. . . . Church and family have lost many of their regulatory influences over behavior." In these respects therefore it is not Bolshevism that is "destroying the family" but rather the same tendencies in all countries, the result of forces characteristic of our century, that are modifying social institutions everywhere.

It is a misapprehension which believes children are taken from their parents at birth in Soviet Russia. Parents and children live together; a few Communist parents send their children to pioneer homes as American children may go to boarding school; but the great majority live with their parents. Children are not the

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property of the state; but they are very definitely the concern of the state—their health, education, economic and cultural welfare. A parent may be put in jail for beating his child. Every successful effort to get women into industry increases the share of social agencies in caring for the child.

Many new organizations exist which beckon the individual members of the family out of the home. In the Soviet Union all activities are related directly to society, so that human beings will feel part of "a big family." The factory, as the centre of the worker's life, invites him after working hours, to conferences, trade-union meetings or entertainment. Schools, crêches, kindergartens, clubs, clinics, restaurants, movie houses, sports grounds, parks and playgrounds, swimming pools, libraries are attached to factories. Clubs have sprung up in town and village, for each trade and industry and group of the population. Here every kind of educational and "cultural" activity and amusement is carried on, as also in Palaces of Culture. I saw one grand Palace of Culture being erected near the banks of the River Oka for the automobile workers of Nijni Novgorod (now Gorki) before the factory itself or the workers' apartments were ready. Theatres, movies, concerts, puppet shows, the radio, are within the reach of all, and no human being need be "tied to the home" for lack of means to pay for entertainment.

For party members there are the party organizations. Pioneers go to meetings and conferences of their Pioneer group and many mothers have complained because the children stay out so late and take these meetings so seriously. Comsomols—Young Communists—have their special activities. They are among the most active and energetic of Russia's population; practically all their leisure is taken up with party or social work—teaching illiterates to read, taking political or literary classes, music or dramatic circles, encouraging prostitutes to go to prophylactoria, arranging demonstrations, parades, meetings. These party organizations are developing a loyalty and cohesion which formerly belonged to the family group. One would not hear a Young Communist say "I can't do so and so, my family won't let me," but he might very easily cite the authority of his Comsomol district committee.

A young Soviet engineer in Leningrad, an orphan and former *besprizorni* (homeless waif), told me that he had always felt orphaned and lost until he joined the party. "Now I have a family," he said. "The Soviets are my father, the party is my mother."

The breakdown of many old social conventions is lessening family solidarity. In the West it is still hardly the proper thing to invite a wife or husband without the marriage partner. In Russia not only do husbands and wives go out separately, it may occur that even close friends do not know they are husband and wife. With the one-day-in-five off instead of the former universal Sunday of rest, it happens frequently that husband and wife do not have the same day off; and so in practice they may see very little of each other. One rarely sees married couples at the same rest house at the same time. They get their holidays separately. It has even been charged that this is a factor breaking up marriages, for the husband or wife with leisure and peace in beautiful surroundings may be more easily led astray by new romantic attachments.

It is the position of women under the new régime, however, that has done most to weaken the old family. Women held the family together as they themselves were bound by it. The Revolution gave them legal and economic and social equality with men and emancipation from many of their age-old traditional bonds. It has taken years and will take many more years for this emancipation to become a fact, but rapid strides are being made.

Russian women in the past were as unfree as women in the East. They belonged to a man, father or husband, all their lives, were frequently sold into wedlock at an early age, and in the East they did not see their husband till the wedding. They received little education, were for the most part not allowed to attend universities, could not travel without the consent of their husbands and of course never entered professions or public life. The attitude to women in China as described in Pearl Buck's novel *The Good Earth* compares with the pre-revolutionary attitude to women in Russia. And even the fundamental joys of womanhood were spoiled for the Russian woman of the lower classes. Motherhood was a pollution and babies were brought into the world in incredible dirt by unlicensed midwives. Hundreds of thousands of babies died from lack of care and knowledge, thousands were thrown into ponds and rivers by despairing mothers. Unfaithfulness might be punished by imprisonment or in the East by death, and the unfaithful wife's children could be taken from her. Peasant women were frequently married for their economic value and sometimes just for the period of the harvest.

Folk sayings and proverbs of old Russia illustrate the attitude to women. "The woman's road—threshold to stove," "A chicken is not a bird and a woman is not a person," "Beat your wife for dinner and for supper too," "I thought I saw two people but it was only a man and his wife."

Though middle and upper class women were not quite so badly treated, nor left so ignorant or uneducated, life held little more spiritual freedom for them.

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Unthinking visitors to Russia see women clad in unattractive frocks and cotton stockings, working in factories and on tractors, or waiting for long hours in queues outside shops to buy their day's provisions, and they compare them with the scented chic middle and upper class girls in other countries. But the women of Russia today, peasants and workers, must be compared with peasants and workers before the Revolution. Russian women today speak of what it means to be free of the physical and material domination of man, to be able to have only wanted families, to be free of household slavery, to be out in the world feeling themselves independent human beings.

"I seem to you old," said a sixty-five-year-old *baba* at a recent conference. "But I am very young, for I do not count the fifty years I lived under the Czar."

The backward condition in which some women still remain is changing fast. Two million women are in industry earning equal wages with men for the same work. No woman is discriminated against in a job because she is married or because she may marry. On the contrary, every effort is made to get women into industry. Recently it was decreed that every housewife under fifty-six must earn her living by work outside the home. The Soviets want women in public life and in work outside the home. This will make their economic independence a reality, will free them completely from old bonds and the enslavement of the individual household, will make it easier to bring knowledge and culture to them.

Once the women have taken up factory work the contrast between the factory and some of their homes irks them. They object to the bad old habits of some of their husbands, swearing, drinking, dirt. They are being encouraged now to foster women's clubs where they can spend their leisure.

In the country also strenuous attempts are made to get women into the fields. Some women still object: "Woman's place is not in the furrow," said one. Some object to leaving their children in the crêches. The writer Sergei Tretiakov (author of *Roar China*) tells of some women who crept up at night and stole their own children back from the nursery. But later when they saw they were well cared for they were willing to leave them.

Young Russians are proud of the new freedom of their women. Alla, a pretty seventeen-year-old *Comsomolka,* an engineering student, came on a boat I was taking down the Volga. Red-lipped and rosy-cheeked, she was bursting with health and good spirits. She spoke to every one on the boat, and it was not long before she spied the *Amerikanka.*

"I suppose in America girls don't become engineers," she started. "With us they are the equal of men in everything now. Our women can take up any profession. Many girls in my home town are going to be radio and electrical engineers."

She noticed my rubashka (Russian blouse), and was shocked. "You mustn't wear that!" she cried. "Our women don't wear those any more! They're men's blouses. It was only in the last century that our revolutionary women wore them, as a protest against their enslavement. Now our women are free, there is no longer need for such protest. Please take it off. You are being politically incorrect. You are historically inaccurate!"

The new sexual morality has helped complete woman's emancipation. Panteleimon Romanov in the short story "Letters of a Woman" in *Without Cherry Blossom,* describes a wife's feelings, why it was necessary in the past to lie and deceive her husband, her lover, herself.

"Even the most free-thinking woman is generally so crushed by the unwritten moral law that she is afraid to admit to herself her real feelings.

"She expresses not her own personality but some other, approved by public opinion, the opinion of her husband.

"Eventually the real and active life in a woman dies.

"Women have had only a 'mutual life,' no life of their own. And" concludes the heroine of this story, "I do not want the virtues of bygone days, however beautiful. I do not want married life if it doesn't give me 'life'; nor to purchase the blessings of a family at the cost of my freedom. I want to have the means whereby to live."

Morals have gone through several stages since the Revolution. At first when the barriers were let down, some young people indulged their every whim, and for a girl not to be willing to share her bed with any chance young man was regarded as "bourgeois class prejudice." But when civil war and the restless period of war communism was over, and under the NEP life and conditions were more stable, there was much propaganda to young people to conserve their energies for the Revolution and not dissipate them in sexual overindulgence. Discussions of morals were widespread at this time, the *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* daily paper of the League of Communist Youth, being filled with articles on sex ideals and ethics; young people, anxious to live up to the ideals of the Revolution, asked many authorities what the sex-life of a Communist should be. Revolutionary leaders took part in these discussions. Lenin expressed much concern for the youth and addressed their Comsomol congresses repeatedly. He discusses some of their problems in his conversations with Clara Zetkin, well-known German Communist. Trotsky wrote on Problems of Life, Preobrezensky of the Com-

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munist Academy on Morals and the Working Class, Yaroslavsky, president of the Society of the Militant Godless, on Party Ethics. Alexandra Kollontay, present Soviet Ambassador to Norway, wrote both fiction and articles. In her book *Red Love* called in Russian *The Love of the Worker Bee,* she took the extreme position that all relationships were permissible whether for the sake of raising a family or for mere pleasure. The "winged Eros" had his rights too, she said.

She was bitterly attacked by many party members. Some said she advocated prostitution; among these was Professor Zalkind of Sverdlov University (now of the Kremlin Clinic), who put forward twelve rules of conduct for young people, advising the opposite pole of conduct. They were:

1. No early development of sex life among the proletariat.

2. Complete continence before marriage, and marriage only under conditions of full sociological and physiological maturity.

3. Marriage only between people planning a long common life, between people fitted in every respect for joint creative effort.

4. The sexual act only as the consummation of deep, complete sympathy and attachment to the beloved object.

5. The sexual act should not be frequent.

6. Love must be monogamous, there should be constancy rather than variety. The philosophy of Genia (Kollontay's heroine) is a sickness, not a class idea.

7. The possibility of child birth must be remembered in every sexual act. Birth control and abortions are both harmful.

8. In love relations there must be no element of flirting, courting, coquetry, and other methods of special sex conquest.

9. Sexual selection must be along lines of revolutionary expediency. Physical attraction is a relic of barbarism; class worthiness, and the purely eugenic question of the revolutionary communist cleansing of humanity through posterity must be the only considerations in the choice of the beloved.

10. There must be no jealousy . . . if supplanted by a worse man, prove your superiority; if by a better, give way.

11. There must be no sexual perversion.

12. Sex must be entirely subservient to class, interfering in no way and serving in all things.

These ideas are held to be too extreme by many Communists and they are rarely heard now, but they indicate the puritanism to which some theorists leaned.

Russia has been called a puritanical dour country in matters of love and romance, a country of "love locked out." It is said there is no time for love-making, that coquetry is too frivolous as fox-trotting is too bourgeois. That this is not true even a short residence in the country proves. Russians are simple and natural about their sex lives and allow to biology and physiology the place they should occupy. Since property rights and religion have declined, sex relations are shorn of many of the complications to which they are still subject in other countries. The Western ideal of poetic, romantic love has little appeal for the Bolshevik. Bolsheviks have little time or energy for dalliance any more than they have a stomach for "sighs and tears and pale wanderings." The young Bolshevik wants to be out and achieving, building roads, running tractors, making grain collections. Long-term relationships based on mutual interests, friendship and love are the ideal in Russia, as elsewhere, but there are no engagements, no long periods of "probation." If a man thinks he has found his mate he moves into her room (or vice versa) and the relationship is a fact. If it was a mistake they separate. Marriage is influenced by few considerations except those of affection and the existence of a room. But neither does the serious girl give herself easily to a man.

Socialist housing is affecting the status of the family also. Communal houses are increasing, and in these every member feels himself a member of the commune or collective rather than of the individual family.

"Quite new relationships are developing in the commune," said a sociologist. When a child is born the whole commune adopts it, and some communes have been seriously considering the question whether parents have a right to take their child away when they move out of a commune. The "sense of belonging" that formerly existed among members of a family is now being developed among members of a commune. "Each family lives not in its own little world, but in the joys and sorrows of the whole commune," said one boy member, Kolya. "The fact that in the commune boys and girls work, study and play together gives them a good chance of getting acquainted on the basis of work." "The strong comradeships that develop lessen the chance of light sex relationships. In the eight months of the existence of our commune there have been two weddings, if one may so express one's self, both of which have turned out well," remarked Vanya, another.

Youth communes are very particular about behavior. Some model principles were drawn up for them by the *Komsomolskaya Pravda.* One read:

"The commune utterly condemns ephemeral sexual connections and an unbridled sex life. The only solution of the sexual question is a firm and lasting marriage built on love, and such marriage can result only from reciprocal friendship, closeness of soul, and mutual interests."

That a new communal feeling is developing to re-

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place the old family feeling is borne out by many anecdotes. In the nursery of one commune a small child took her mother around to teachers and other children introducing her as she went as "our mother." N. K. Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, believes that a "collective woman will develop, capable of feeling affection for any child and sacrificing herself for any child." Another Communist, Arnold Soltz of the Central Control Commission, told me that he expected parental feelings to weaken in time. "So will the feeling of belonging to an individual family. The child will develop feelings of love and of belonging to a wider group. If I consider every one my brother I will not have especially strong feelings for my blood brother. I also believe that some day women will be broadminded enough to feel no difference between educating their own child or another's." Krupskaya says parental feelings cannot be suppressed, even if they may take new forms and be led into other channels.

The family in America is not declining in human values, declared the Committee on Social Trends. Nor is it in Russia. Family affection is still strong. Mothers are as attracted to their babies as anywhere in the world, which is one reason they rejoice in the consultation clinics and crêches and Institutions for Mother and Child which teach them better methods of caring for those children. Even in this country it does not decrease a mother's love for her child when she goes to an office all day and the child goes to a nursery school.

But many of the legal restrictions on freedom that made family life formerly almost a policed affair have been removed in Russia, and social adjustment to the legal status is rapidly following. Marriage and divorce being simple and inexpensive, a married couple does not stay together when one desires to be free. The child is safeguarded by the law that ensures support for it up to the age of eighteen, by whichever parent can best afford it, possibly both. A father has to contribute to the support of all his children. Since no distinction is made between registered and unregistered marriages, illegitimacy is wiped out. Every child is entitled to support without discrimination.

The laws of evolution work in the Soviet Union as elsewhere; on the surface trends in Russia resemble those in other countries. But an essential difference between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world is that in Russia some changes have been raised from the realm of blind chance to planned and rational control.

The story "The Big Family" in Romanov's *Without Cherry Blossom* contrasts the attitude of the old individual family to an illegitimate child with that of the new Soviet society. Sonya, a young student, has gone to the village to have her baby. Her old friends and her mother despise her or ignore her. So she goes back to Moscow, to her student dormitory, and tells her friends.

"But what are you crying about? Isn't it great?" cries Tanya, and rushes out to tell the other students. And they all crowd around and "look as if something new and significant had happened for their own personal lives."

"And I very distinctly felt," says Sonya, "that I had finished with the tyranny of the family over the individual, that obscure, dirty tyranny . . . and it was somewhat of a novelty for me. I have another larger family now, the human family."

# STAND STAUNCHLY, WINTER TREES

*By Mary Cabot Martin*

STAND staunchly, winter trees, nor give a sign
That this is March: I pray you, keep yourselves
Still clothed in secret black; sheathe not one twig
With glove of patent spring; withstand the wind,
Unknowledgeable wind that fans my heart
Too hotly with a change of flaming curves.
Ay, keep your reasoned beauty as a sword
Outdrawn in my defence against the strength
Of one who comes armed with a jewelled smile.
And should I look away to save my sight
From rapier flash too sudden and too red,
O trees of March, betray me not with green.

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# Give the Stockholder the Truth

## HOW AMERICAN FINANCE CAN RESTORE CONFIDENCE

## *By Anderson F. Farr*

*American corporations are responding to the growing demand for financial reports, but even today many of these reports are lacking in completeness or faulty in emphasis so that the stockholder is not completely informed of the condition of the business. Situated in a key position in which his sole task is to analyze such reports, Mr. Farr reveals the way in which the issues are obscured and points to a need for a sense of moral responsibility on the part of business leaders.*

EVEN in 1929, when security salesmen radiated confidence in the destiny of mankind and the material progress of the world, there were cautious investors who desired reliable information about the financial standing of a particular business enterprise before placing their funds in its securities.

When they obtained information from bankers or investment houses, backed by the reports of well-known auditing firms, they rested content with the knowledge that no matter what happened they were at least investing with their eyes open and with full, necessary information. It is only now that they are realizing the variations possible in audits and the divergent impressions which can be given by business figures, even when they are all present before the investor.

For instance, a report by the Radio Corporation of America showing a net profit for 1931 of $768,903 is a comforting thing. An analysis of this report, however, which shows a decrease in the surplus account during that year of $49,509,006.39 is something else. When, in addition, this example may be duplicated in dozens of cases, there is excuse for examination, not to say apprehension.

When a company issues its annual report showing earnings of $824,339.31 and a closer examination of the report discloses that the surplus account decreased $1,179,631 during the year, there is obviously something worth looking into in the principles of auditing and accounting.

The New York Stock Exchange, realizing the need for stricter supervision over the reports of corporations whose stocks are listed on its board, is suggesting a policy of individual audits for the benefit of the public. This raises the question of the thoroughness of commercial audits and the need of standards in accountancy. At present, and despite all attempts by the American Institute of Accountants to compile a vocabulary of accountancy terms applicable to all cases without danger of confusion or misinterpretation, we seem no farther along the road to clarity in the reports of corporations than we were in 1921 when the Institute first raised the question.

When a security salesman begins to interest you in stocks, he mentions the strategical importance of the concern in its industry, the wide experience of its officers and directors, the possibility of profitable expansion, and, as a clincher, gives you certain concrete figures (generally compiled by a firm of accountants of national reputation) showing the number of times the interest requirements have been earned on the funded debt each year for five years, or the net earnings per share after Federal taxes and other adjustments of various complicated natures have been met. The banker and broker centre their case almost entirely upon the latter considerations.

This information represents the concentrated facts for which you have been trained to ask by the investment banking business. With that information you are able to form an opinion on the value of the security even though you have limited knowledge of the personnel of the corporation, and no close check on its business practice, organization or routine, or competitive conditions, and furthermore have had no bookkeeping or auditing experience of your own. Once you have all these pertinent factors, moreover, you will find that the reported earnings per share and the market value of the stocks have at times seemed to move with some slight degree of sympathy with each other. Obviously, it is essential that the earnings of the corporation should be *real* earnings.

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Have you ever had the experience of realizing suddenly that some knowledge you had lived by for years was untrue, false, a mirage? A friend of mine has recently had this experience in the prosaic field of industrial accountancy. Like many others he followed the advice of his banker in the purchase of securities with his limited funds prior to the depression. When the value of his securities dropped to unheard-of prices and his nest-egg was an apology for any kind of egg, he was not dismayed or even disgruntled. His securities were only keeping pace with the others.

His investment counsellors had suggested the investment in certain securities on the basis of earnings, so the other day he decided to look over the earnings of those units. With methodical exactness, he had carefully filed away each annual report and had before him first-hand material for his study. What did he find? He found not only a lack of real facts but a misinterpretation of those facts so flagrant that the management in many cases appeared to be either grossly ignorant or to be purposely misleading. The technique of accomplishing this is taken up a little later. For many years I have made it a practice to examine carefully and to analyze several thousand fiscal balance sheets, profit-and-loss accounts, and surplus accounts and I am not surprised at the quizzical expression on a layman's face when confronted with a set of circumstances which might have been created, consciously or unthinkingly, to mislead investors.

In his book *Main Street and Wall Street,* published in 1927, William Z. Ripley went to some pains to describe, analyze, and classify what has become that important modern institution, the corporate annual report.

He made mention of companies which issue no reports at all. He referred to concerns such as the National Biscuit Company, which still do not present income accounts or depreciation figures. "American Can," he wrote, "gives you depreciation for 1925, but never a whiff concerning its accrual through past years." Many firms, on a single leaflet, vouchsafed their stockholders a balance sheet but no income statement at all. Many investment trusts did no more. "The great American Tobacco Company has not yet progressed beyond this embryonic state," he wrote.

But in his particular examination, Professor Ripley was concerned with the completeness of the annual report. A corporation, strange as it may seem, does have a duty to its stockholders. Six years ago a fairly reliable complete annual corporate report was somewhat of a *rara avis.* During the intervening period some progress has been made, probably more as a matter of present-day expediency than for any other purpose. But annual reports are still incomplete and filled with vague generalities. They often misinterpret vital information, overlook bald crucial facts, and are careful to analyze the obvious.

It is the unusual business enterprise which has not shown losses for the past three years. One by one the important industrial and commercial enterprises have gone into the red. There are still a few, like Drug Inc., J. C. Penney & Co., and the Corn Products Refining Co., which are showing substantial net profits, but losses are much more frequent today than profits. But to show losses authoritatively and have little or no question raised by inquisitive stockholders has called for a high measure of diplomacy. It has finally been necessary for the general run of business enterprises to resort more and more, like investment bankers at the time of an underwriting, to the services of the public accountant.

When profits are being steadily recorded, stockholders rarely bother to investigate. They are perfectly satisfied and annual corporate reports often contain balance sheets and supplementary figures prepared by the company itself with no verification from a firm of outside accountants. But when losses are assumed, then it is vital to employ reputable accounting services. Annual reports bearing the certification of a well-known firm of public accountants will do much to disarm dissatisfied stockholders who have taken not only 80 per cent to 90 per cent depreciation in the market value of their stockholding but at the same time have had their dividends largely or entirely eliminated "to conserve the working capital of the business."

It is only too true that more of the larger companies are using the services of public accountants. There are 829 companies whose shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. A recent analysis of the annual reports of 781 of these companies by the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants shows that 651 or 83 per cent were audited by independent public accountants for the year 1931. An admirable record. It is to be hoped that this practice which is deemed so expedient during trying times as an attempted justification of inefficient or near-sighted management will be carried over into future years when our business outlook becomes more cheery.

But the desirability of having annual reports which are complete (containing certified balance sheets and full supplementary facts, a summary of the principal changes in operating policy during the year, new plants started, old ones discontinued, new products being handled, a condensed picture of the business itself) is only part of the story. In addition to completeness, reliableness and the healthy, experienced, qualified interpretation of accurate figures are as vitally important.

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Three accounting schedules are needed for an understanding of the financial condition of an industrial or commercial business, (*a*) the balance sheet or, as it is often termed, the financial statement, (*b*) the profit-and-loss account, and (*c*) the surplus account or, as this schedule is also often called, a reconciliation of the surplus. The balance sheet is the schedule which gives a full exact list, and the cost or depreciated value of every asset of a business, and also a detailed list of every liability. The liability side of the balance sheet of a corporation contains two additional items, (1) capital stock and (2) surplus. These two items plus all of the liabilities always equal to a penny the sum of all of the assets. This is always so, as the surplus account varies from year to year and month to month to make this exact balance.

A balance sheet gives no indication whether a concern is operating profitably or unprofitably. All it does is to present a picture of the financial condition of a business at a particular moment. Should a picture of the Twentieth Century Limited be taken with a camera with a very fast shutter, a photograph of the train would be obtained in a fixed position. But this picture would fail to convey to the observer a definite idea as to whether the train was moving forward at a high rate of speed, standing still, or going backwards. That information is obtained from the profit-and-loss account. That schedule shows whether a business is going ahead, standing still or going backwards. When fully prepared, this schedule starts with the figure of sales, then the cost of goods sold, and all of the expenses of operation such as selling expenses, administrative expenses, interest, depreciation and taxes for the period covered. The final resultant figure after all expenses of every character are deducted is the net profit.

Probably the most valuable inferences regarding the condition of a business can be obtained by the comparative analysis of two or more balance sheets. In this way the trend of each item can be readily seen and to the experienced analyst the figures become an open book of most valuable data. Between any two dates the surplus account will be different. The reconciliation of the surplus shows to the penny how this difference came about. The preceding surplus becomes the initial figure to which are added the profits for the period and other credits, if any. From this total are deducted dividends and *miscellaneous adjustments* if any, the final sum always appearing as the very same item of surplus as in the last balance sheet. Of very great significance is this term of "miscellaneous adjustments."

A concrete case is more valuable than generalities. A company takes inventory on December 31, its fiscal date. The final results show, let us say, $135,600 of obsolete merchandise which has been carried for two or three years. If this amount had been charged off the year the goods became obsolete, the profits for that year would have been reduced by just that amount. However, the charge-off was not made immediately, but has to be taken now. Certain accountants and boards of directors make this item a charge against surplus and not against profit and loss. This practice is based upon the theory that the inventory loss is not properly chargeable to the business of the year just passed but belongs to the preceding years. It is readily recognizable that under this questionable practice, certain items of expense, such as this one, are *never* made a charge against profit and loss, so that reported net profits, where items like this occur year after year, are not what they seem to be.

The merchandise represented by the item of $135,600 is obsolete for one or a combination of reasons: (1) it was offered for sale at a price which was too high competitively and was never sold, (2) the market was misjudged and too large a quantity purchased, (3) competitors produced a new product which made this particular merchandise passé, (4) the market value of the product dropped rapidly, (5) improved production methods made it possible to produce the same or a better product at less cost. But every one of these factors could have been mitigated by capable management. Volumes have been written on this subject but the continued profitable operations of certain business units right through the depression bear out this statement. Efficient management anticipates difficulties and is prepared for them, no matter when they come. Charges for inventory obsolescence are a charge to business. They represent a loss or at least a decrease in the value of the assets of a concern and hence a drop in the intrinsic value of a stockholder's interest.

It may be conceded that surpluses are created for the very purpose of handling unexpected demands upon the assets of the corporation. They are not, however, a graveyard in which all the secrets of mismanagement may be buried. The strenuous conditions of the past four years provide ample excuse for the use of the surplus but none for the practice of regarding a drop in the surplus as of no consequence whatever. Further, it must be insisted that the use of the word "profit" is a trifle far-fetched in a statement which shows a precipitous decline in the well-being of the corporation, as revealed in the drop in its surplus.

I have in front of me a twelve-page pamphlet headed "Doehler Die Casting Co., New York, N. Y. Annual Report for 1931." The first paragraph addressed to the stockholders is interesting, encouraging, and instructive. "The year 1931 has been a difficult one. Our new subsidiary companies, not yet sufficiently entrenched to withstand the onslaughts of a

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major depression, leaned heavily on the parent company. By virtue of rigid economies, aggressive sales efforts and production efficiency, the Doehler Die Casting Co. fared well, comparatively speaking. Its net operating profit before depreciation was $241,368.-19 resulting in a final net profit of $139,112.88." Now, wouldn't this paragraph give you an idea that the business was operating successfully? The profit-and-loss account for the year verified this figure. Dividends of $100,005.07 were paid during the year, which would lead one to believe that the balance of $39,-107.81 would represent the increase in surplus for the year.

But what do we find? The surplus instead of showing an increase of $39,107.81 actually reflects a decrease from $3,106,515.61 to $1,535,076.35 or just about 50 per cent. A drop in the surplus of this percentage would seem to be quite a respectable shrinkage in the stockholders' investment and particularly in contrast to the first paragraph in the report emphasizing a tangible profit to stockholders. At this rate a similar profit would only have to be recorded for a little over two years and the business would have its surplus account entirely eliminated.

How did this state of affairs come about? Well, the company had no inventory obsolescence, losses from bad debts or on investments to write off, but it was able to find other charges which it decided to make. Strangely enough these charges were not put through the profit-and-loss account. If they had been, that first encouraging paragraph in the annual report could never have been written, the management would have had to admit a loss of considerably over a million dollars! The important items written off were (1) Amortization of Financing Charges, $64,371.32; (2) Reduction of Patents to the Nominal Value of One Dollar, $178,-612.82; (3) Expenditure on Development of New Products, $188,076.80; (4) Special Dies and Tools, and Expenditure on Re-layout of Plants, $100,806.17; and (5) Reserve for Deficits of Subsidiary Companies in Process of Liquidation, $1,190,535.14. This is quite an impressive list of charges to be suddenly placed before stockholders. Should not these items have been largely charged to profit and loss in immediately preceding years?

We have mentioned before the Radio Corporation of America, the acme and quintessence of radio activity. Its development has been so rapid in the few years of its existence that its influence through its subsidiaries is pre-eminent in the radio manufacturing field, communications and broadcasting field and through Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation (now being operated by a receiver) in the entertainment field. The 1931 annual report is lengthy and impressive, particularly the early paragraphs which point out, "The net income of the company for the year was $768,903." Aggregate dividends of $4,250,880 were paid on the "A" Preferred and "B" Preferred Stocks which would lead one to believe that surplus would show a decrease of the difference between the dividend disbursements and net income, amounting to $3,481,977. Instead the surplus account shows a decrease not of $3,481,977 but of $49,509,006.39.

In the first place the surplus on December 31, 1930, was only $30,010,537.76. To create a surplus ample enough to carry the extraordinary charges, a capital surplus of $30,057,354.36 was largely created by reducing the stated value of the common stock from $4.22 to $2.00 per share. That process increased the surplus by the sum of $30,057,354. In order to show a profit for the year of $768,903, vast—and they might seem vast even to an astronomer—sums were charged to the surplus account. Inventories were written down $10,359,000; a $16,222,000 write-down was made on the fixed assets; $4,891,300 was written down on investments. The foregoing charges seemed to have been insufficient for the contemplated needs of the management, so further sums were set aside with no explanation, $2,623,500 as Reserves for Special Contingencies and $8,323,854 as additions to the General Reserve. In short, not only are 30 millions insufficient for the charges, but over 10 millions in addition must be set aside in reserve funds.

Back in 1882, a small business enterprise was started under inauspicious circumstances. That enterprise under forceful management was destined to revolutionize and simplify the records of retail stores throughout the world. In 1926 the business was recapitalized as the National Cash Register Company and 1,100,-000 shares of Class A Common Stock were underwritten by a banking group headed by Dillon Read & Co., and offered to the public at $50 per share.

The National Cash Register Company is reputed to produce 90 per cent of the output of cash registers in the United States and to handle a substantial export business, besides having a manufacturing subsidiary in Germany. And profits for many years were very large. For 1928 the reported net profits amounted to $7,817,000 and for 1929 to $8,339,640. Then they began to drop. The year 1930 disclosed a substantial profit although it was only $3,584,000. So when 1931 ended, recording a drop in the annual sales of just about 50 per cent from the high of $57,607,000 in 1929, and profits seemed to vanish, comforting words are again called upon. Again it is the early part of the annual

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report which strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the 14,616 stockholders. "After deducting all expenses incident to operation, including repairs and maintenance, and adequate provisions for depreciation and taxes, including a reserve for income taxes, domestic and foreign, the net operating earnings of the parent Company and its subsidiaries for the year ending December 31, 1931, are $824,339.31. This is equivalent to 69 cents per share as applied to the 1,190,000 shares of Common A Stock outstanding, which is entitled to a preferential dividend over the 400,000 Common B shares of $3.00 per share per annum. As compared with 1930, the earnings for 1931 show a decrease of $2,760,491.12. This decline in earnings is primarily due to the reduced sales, which for the year ending December 31, 1931, amounted to $28,870,302.21, as against $45,380,767.36 for the year 1930, or a decline of approximately 36 per cent."

Then there follows a kind of quiet, insignificant, supplemental paragraph of one sentence. "There were certain special write-offs, amounting to $2,003,970.22, charged against Surplus, as shown in detail in the Consolidated Income and Surplus Account." Why not explain what these charges are instead of referring to the Consolidated Income and Surplus Account which to most investors and stockholders is less understandable than the Greek alphabet? Of what do these special write-offs consist? Just six items. Here they are—(1) abnormal losses arising from the revaluation of foreign investments at current rates of exchange, $551,773, (2) provisions for losses on liquidation of inventories of obsolete models, $523,642, (3) provision for obligations arising out of contracts with former employees, $492,465, (4) provision for contingencies, $133,862, (5) written off on leaseholds, improvements, etc., $202,226, and (6) provision for losses on claims against closed banks, $100,000.

If these are not losses, what are they? What does "provision for contingencies" mean? What knowledge does that convey to a stockholder? What does the "etc." stand for in next to the last item? Would it not have been more enlightening to the average stockholder if that early paragraph had quoted a loss of $1,179,631 rather than a profit of $824,339? It certainly seems as if a dogma had been established that some kind of profit figure must be reported to stockholders over an auditor's certificate.

In the first paragraph of an annual report which is admirable for its completeness, the well-known manufacturers of Eveready flashlights and batteries tell its 49,369 stockholders: "The net income of the corporation for the year 1931 after provision for all taxes, depreciation, interest, dividends on senior securities of subsidiary companies, depletion and other charges, was $18,029,522.23. . . ." But that figure was arrived at after quite a few "provisions." Here again the drop in the surplus account during the year, from $98,579,703.24 to $43,659,274.52 is attributable in a very minor degree to the aggregate dividend disbursements of $23,401,931.80. The dividends are only $5,400,000 in excess of the reported net income but the surplus takes a tumble of almost $55,000,000. Adjustment of power contracts; adjustment of marketable securities to market of December 31, 1931; adjustment of the net current assets of foreign companies and revaluation of inventories carried in United States dollars but located in Canada and other foreign countries; miscellaneous items not affecting 1931 operations; and a final item of adjustment of fixed-assets values amounting to $39,794,031.11. What limits should be set, if any, to the writing up of fixed properties in good times and writing them down in bad times? That this charge is at least unusual is recognized by an earlier explanation in the report.

For a concern with assets in excess of $408,000,000 and capital and surplus of $217,000,000 the annual report in 1931 of the Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation gives comparatively little information. A net income of $18,931,510.72 is shown in the briefest of brief consolidated income accounts, offset in the surplus by a charge more than twice as large—"Transferred to Reserve for General Contingencies, $40,000,000"—and the only explanation a stockholder receives is ". . . for the purpose of amply protecting the company's operations and assets against future contingencies." That is almost clearness personified. Would it not be natural to wonder if any small part of this $40,000,000 might have been chargeable against the reported net income?

In a very similar way, the Air Reduction Company reports net earnings "for the year 1931, after depreciation and all other operating reserves, including Federal taxes" of $3,815,409.80. But the surplus shows two interesting blanket items, this time without even an attempt at an explanation. These two items together are almost as large as the reported net earnings, (1) transferred to reserve for contingencies from capital surplus, $1,468,077.14, and (2) from earned surplus, $1,829,672.24. It would at least seem logical in cases of this nature to have some yearly explanation of what happens to funds transferred to such reserves for contingencies, how the amounts so transferred are arrived at, and the theory behind each reserve of this troublesome nature.

The textile industry has operated under untold handicaps for many years. It is natural that one of the outstanding enterprises in the woollen and worsted manufacturing business would present a more or less unusual situation. The report of the American Woolen Company for the year ending December 31, 1931, does appear to present such a situation. The loss for

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the year's operations amounted to $2,836,826.02. But an adjusted surplus as at December 31, 1930, of $3,210,-295.07 is turned into a deficit of $17,738,679.21 one year later. The various charges range from $19,001.25 written off on sundry investments, and $500,000 transferred to reserve for contingencies, to $10,041,769.20 adjustment of book value of active properties. Monetary values can certainly vanish before a stockholder's very eyes. And this reserve for contingencies—what a nemesis it has become!

The American Car and Foundry Company and its subsidiaries reported a loss for the year ending April 30, 1932, for the first time in its thirty-three years of operations. The reported loss amounted to $2,577,-276.99. If three items, (1) provision for shrinkage in value of securities amounting to $2,150,400, (2) provision for unrealized loss on foreign exchange of $280,171.16, and (3) provision for depreciation in inventory values aggregating $300,000, had not been placed in the consolidated earned-surplus account, the loss for the year would have been more than twice as large as the reported figure.

These reports are not deliberately misleading. Of course, the careful and thorough investor experienced in financial affairs can compare reports for 1931 with those of the year before and determine what has happened to surplus. Nevertheless, in these days when the securities of most of the large corporations are widely held by the general public unfamiliar with the intricacies of bookkeeping, a policy of simplicity and complete frankness is necessary. As an instance of what I have in mind, take the annual report of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company for the year 1931. The statement of the president is one of those sparse, cold New England messages. It doesn't even mention a profit, whether net profits or profits on operations for the year. That is left entirely to the Certified Public Accountants and their schedules. A "condensed consolidated income and expense account" is given for two years for comparative purposes, both 1930 and 1931. That is a good practice, and here there is no juggling of stockholders' funds. The final figure of "Net Income" is the net income. There are no outside adjustments, no charges to the surplus account, no facts which need supplemental explanation, no "net profits from operations" which are found to be ambiguous after a careful study. Every charge is made direct to the income for the year and these charges are of varied types and kinds, including a write-down on United States Government Securities and Federal Land Bank Bonds to market value at December 31, 1931, $159,708; provision for possible loss on cash in closed banks, $140,060; and losses on sale or other disposal of assets and sundry expenses, $6,635. Here on one page are concentrated the facts regarding net income. This practice is certainly in contrast to those annual reports which give one figure of profit in the message to the stockholder, a figure which needs skilful investigation and analysis to ascertain what it really represents.

Then there is the outstanding example of clearness, sincerity, and reliableness as reflected in the twenty-third annual report of the General Motors Corporation covering the year 1931. The General Motors Corporation is one of the very great business enterprises of the world, with 313,117 stockholders. Its importance is tremendous in many lines of business activity. Its capital and surplus amount to $926,000,000 and its employees are measured by the tens of thousands. It behooves a concern of such power and with such ramifications to set an example of positive integrity and rugged simplicity in giving an accounting to its stockholders so that when a report gives a figure for profits there is no chance whatsoever of misinterpretation. Such an example has been set. The report for 1931 is one of the most complete reports issued to stockholders, containing a wealth of interesting facts and information, put together in a manner to indicate that the officials recognize a duty to stockholders, and a high degree of conscious moral and financial responsibility.

The consolidated income account is given in comparison with the income account for the preceding year and every item representing a loss is charged to income fully as much as any of the usual charges of expense. There is even an extraordinary and non-recurring charge of $20,574,514 largely representing revaluation of net working capital abroad to a dollar-value basis and including a revaluation of security investments to market value. The account is clear from beginning to end, edited as far as possible, which is far at that, in non-technical language. Moreover, no part of the accounting exhibits is at variance with figures or implications contained in the message to stockholders. That also is as it should be.

Annual reports covering operations for 1932 are now appearing. The first to appear are those of the smaller corporations and the practices outlined here are again prevalent in all their malignancy. Figures are figures but interpretations are interpretations, and only the careful, trained observer is able to discern the true state of affairs. Next will come the reports of corporations with many branches and factories, and following that will come the reports of corporations with foreign subsidiaries and affiliations. They will be coming for six months and if they are no better than those which have already appeared, the evils complained of are still left for correction.

As mentioned previously, the New York Stock Exchange, through Richard Whitney, its president, has

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announced that after July 1 of this year, independent audits will be required of all corporations applying for the listing of their securities. For a great many years the Exchange has exerted a powerful influence in compelling the issuance of authoritative information to stockholders and investors. As a result the information given to the Exchange before a security will be listed is often far more complete than that which the corporation furnishes in its annual report to its stockholders. However, the Stock Exchange requires such reports only when new listings are offered. In other periods, the stockholder is dependent solely upon the corporation's own reports.

The immediate value of the Stock Exchange ruling is in its influence over its members and its power in making even more stringent listing requirements for those who later may desire admittance. But only a small percentage of the total number of corporations are listed on the Big Board. The smaller exchanges have far less exacting requirements and many stocks are not listed at all. Hundreds of concerns, for instance, have "trading privileges" on the New York Curb Exchange and upon these business enterprises the Curb itself has very limited information and influence.

The listing committee of the New York Stock Exchange studied the problems which might arise in requiring independent audits for several years prior to the recent announcement of its President. While this move is a marked advance, it would be well to keep in mind that there are certain definite limitations to the effectiveness of this programme. These limitations, in addition to the limited number of corporations affected by rulings of the Exchange, are (*a*) the divergent viewpoints of accountants on the same accounting problems, (*b*) the attitude of the active management and of the Board of Directors toward such problems and (*c*) the qualitative interpretation of audited figures by the management after they are prepared by independent accountants. It is that interpretation with which we are primarily concerned.

If there was ever a time when leadership was essential to a country, it is now, and it happens that in America the field of business and industry provides the more capable and harder-working individuals who are utilizing their abilities to forge ahead. Leadership can be powerful if based on facts, energy and experience, but it must be also grounded on a basis of moral responsibility. We need general realization on the part of officers and directors of important business units that they have a greater duty to their stockholders and to the state than to themselves.

From the standpoint of public well-being, it is infinitely better to face the facts of losses and falling profits if the honesty of that inspection reflects the attitude of true responsibility assumed by the officers of business organizations during these years of stress. There is need for a sense of stewardship in the relationship between corporations and the public. The distrust of the investment business now so generally evident will not be lessened by the continuation of policies which have assisted in bringing about that distrust. Only by establishing the frankest and most honorable alliance between business executives, the investing public, and stockholders can the restoration of confidence be brought about which is so essential to general recovery.

# SPRING

## OUT OF JERUSALEM

*by Meridel LeSueur*

The olive branch has budded
And secret Gethsemane is misted in creation.
Out of Golgotha a flower
From the anointment of the Magdalene
Have come red flowers and crocuses.
Come forth!
The stone has rolled away and the tomb is empty.
Come forth!
The fruit, the body, and the wine.
Come forth!
The cross has budded and the thorn ends
Have blossomed!

Buds
Break on the thorns of ancient crucifixion.
Blood dripping from the nimbus of divinity
Has burst open the thorn ends in Buds.
Buds
Swell and break from the wood of the cross.
The staff of the executioner has budded,
The seal of the tomb has burst asunder.
Trumpet has been raised to invisible lips and sounded
In the sap.
Come forth! Come forth!
Out of the damp tomb.
Out of the rock-sealed caves
Come forth!

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# Protect the Worker · III

*Two million children are employed while eleven million adults are out of work. Last month we presented articles by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Josephine Goldmark revealing the tactics of unscrupulous employers who take advantage of the industrial depression. Mrs. Halle here presents further evidence in the facts relating to employment of children and the crisis in the schools which is turning many of them into the streets.*

# "Lucky" to Have a Job

## *By Rita S. Halle*

THIS is the month of March, in the year of our Lord 1933. A tremendous crisis has spread over all the world. An industrial depression more widespread than we have ever known has thrown 11,000,000 adults in these United States alone out of work. Yet even now 2,000,000 jobs are held by children.

Two million children, paying the price as children always do in any great human crisis. Children, giving up such pitiful education as they might have got otherwise, such scant preparation as they might have had for a never-too-bright future; 2,000,000 children, stunting their bodies and dulling their minds, in the jobs which their fathers and their older brothers, or their mothers and their sisters, need.

We are the richest nation in the world, and in all our history child life has never been so valuable as it is today. The latest census showed that in any sample group of 1000 American citizens, there are 68 less children under fifteen, now, than there were half a century ago. Yet of these increasingly precious children in this wealthy nation, 2,000,000 "lucky" ones are working, while 1,000,000 more are out of school, many of them competing in a tragically deflated labor market for the jobs that their elders so desperately need.

Is it any wonder that the National Child Labor Committee has just announced a campaign to take these children out of their jobs and put them back into the schools where they belong? Time was—four or five decades ago—when early bread-winning might not have been so serious a handicap either for the child or the community as it is today. In those pre-machine days, the child who left school either worked on the farm or in the shop of his family or a kindly neighbor, completing his education by learning a trade—the old apprentice method. But what are these children who are "lucky" enough to have jobs doing today?

The Junior Employment Service of New York State says that of the 1800 jobs they had available in a recent month for the 18,000 applicants under twenty, 40 per cent of those for girls were for domestic service at wages as low as two dollars a week. Eleven of the seventeen positions that the Philadelphia Placement Service was able to offer its 1066 fourteen- and fifteen-year-old registrants in the same month were for errand work, mostly temporary, at wages equally incredible. The Commissioner of Labor in Connecticut reported in the summer of 1932 between 100 and 150 sweatshops hiring young girls for as little as 60 cents to $1.10 for a 55-hour week, while the Women's Bureau found similarly long hours and starvation wages, with a tendency even further to replace women with young girls at $3.50 a week!

But these wages are munificent beside those of the fly-by-night factories in one of the Connecticut towns where the work is done largely by "learners," who get a dime a week while they are learning to run the machines. Afterwards, unless they are among the very few who are kept on (to maintain the "learner" fiction) and permitted to work all day at top speed for three dollars to five dollars a week, they are dismissed to make way for other ambitious "learners" at 10 cents a week. And all this at monotonous, repetitive, blind-alley work.

Agents of the National Child Labor Committee recently found a family of six, including four children, stringing safety pins on wires late into the night for four or five dollars a week, while another group of six children from five years up were separating long strips of lace, and earning sixty-four cents a day for their combined efforts. A frail girl, doing her feeble best to support her family of eight, got $1.97 for a 55-hour week in a shirt factory.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the way we get

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those "incredible bargains" of which we boast—those "three or four good-looking dresses for the price of one"—those men's shirts for little more than the former price of a pair of collars—those coats and underwear and household articles that are, as we incredulously observe, "almost given away, my dear." Can we afford them at the price, even in these days? And if not, what are we going to do about it? How are we going to get those 2,000,000 children, children like our own ten-year-old Bills and twelve-year-old Marys, back into the schools and out into the sunshine where they belong?

The powerful opposition of selfish interests prevented the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment which, after twenty years of patient effort, the National Child Labor Committee had got through Congress in 1924. So we have no federal law to protect our children.

The result of this is that the children of Pennsylvania can, by crossing the border into the cranberry bogs of New Jersey, evade the Pennsylvania school laws without being liable under the New Jersey ones; trucks can carry goods from New York State across the border into Connecticut where, under their lax legislation, garments may be made by sweated child labor and brought back into New York to be sold at correspondingly low prices, in competition with those of decent manufacturers who are desperately trying to make a living in accordance with the laws of the State and of humanity. And neither State has the power to intervene.

It is true that most of the States have some sort of legislation regulating the labor of children, varying from Ohio, which has a sixteen-year minimum age standard, down to two States that permit children under fourteen to leave school to work; from four that have an 8-hour day and a 44-hour week, down to eight that permit a 9 to 11-hour day and a 51-to-60-hour week.

Four States have no regulations against night work for children, and eleven of them have practically no prohibition against dangerous occupations for them. Twelve States nobly do their duty, not by enforcing the law, but by punishing minors who evade it by excluding them from compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act, a statement which may misrepresent the motive of their regulation, but not its effect. Several of the States in which the laws are adequate, are less progressive when it comes to the enforcement of them.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt tells the story of sitting next to a prominent Georgian at a dinner party during their first visit to Georgia, and saying to him:

"You have compulsory education in this State? I wondered a little because I see so many children of school age out on the streets and in the fields."

The prominent citizen puffed out his chest, and said:

"Yes, indeed, we have compulsory education. It has been part of our Constitution for twenty years."

"Well," asked Mrs. Roosevelt, "have you any enforcement laws?"

"Well, no—no. We haven't got to that part yet."

Nevertheless, progress had been made up to 1929 when this mad old world went reeling off its balance. No longer did we find the shocking conditions in the mines and the cotton mills, for example, that had spurred the efforts of the early crusaders against child labor. Public conscience had been aroused, legislation had been improved, perhaps also our material well-being had helped to reduce child labor, between the 1920 and the 1930 census, 22.6 per cent for the ten to eighteen-year age group, and over 37 per cent for the ten to sixteen-year group. Even then the depression had undoubtedly already begun to replace adult workers with the cheaper child labor, had already begun the exploitation of juvenile workers. But after that the depression began to get still deeper and blacker. More and more adults were dropped from their jobs. Industry began paying lower and lower wages. Then need at home, a chance for exploitation in the fields and the factories, the patient work of years undone—and now this picture.

A steady procession of boys and girls, underfed, underclothed, stunted, pinched, dragging themselves into the fields and factories, or sitting all day and much of the night at home, doing a man's work for a child's pay.*

It is estimated that 200,000 to 400,000 boys under sixteen are working at street trades, as newsboys, bootblacks, vendors of chocolates and shoe strings, errand boys, etc., with all the physical and moral risks that that involves. We warm our egos by buying their wares, under the sentimental but false impression that they are the sole support of widowed mothers, or of large families of even younger brothers and sisters. But an investigation has shown that the large majority of newsboys, at any rate, come from normal homes, and are plying their trade because of the lure of the streets, or a simple desire for spending money.

Over 3000 children are in the canneries, where they work ten to fourteen hours a day, standing or sitting on backless seats, doing heavy lifting on wet and sloppy floors, some of them at night, and all of them under pressure because of the perishable nature of the goods they handle.

Twice as many children are in agriculture as in all the other trades together. The census found 470,000

* Some statistics hound has calculated that it would take this wretched procession, walking ten abreast, three days and two nights—from Monday morning when the factory whistles blow, until Wednesday evening when the newsboys begin to cry their wares—to pass your house, or mine.

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from ten to fifteen in April of 1930, and that is before farm work gets under way in most of the States! Yet there they were, working up to twelve hours a day, often in cramped positions and in excessive heat, many of them members of migratory families, following the fruit and vegetable season from place to place, living in unsanitary conditions in makeshift shacks or labor camps, and of course with no schooling at all. Many of them who work hard at these tasks all summer, find themselves at the end of it without sufficient money to buy clothing to wear to school!

It is true that 402,344 of these are unpaid family workers, but this does not mean children who are just doing helpful chores about the farm. The instructions to the census takers were to include only children who were working regular hours and whose work was regularly contributing to the family income. 67,166 are wage earners away from home.

Even more pitiable are those children who work in the tenements, and their numbers cannot be estimated at all, as they elude the census as well as the law. Typical of them are the little safety-pin stringers and the lace separators of whom I have already spoken.

So the vicious circle goes on: insecurity for adults, privation and insecurity for the children, wages lower and lower, more and ever more adults replaced by children, until we are almost back to the circle that Owen Lovejoy described twenty years ago: child labor, illiteracy, industrial inefficiency, low wages, long hours, low standards of living, bad housing, poor food, unemployment, intemperance, disease, poverty, child labor, illiteracy, and so round and round the circle indefinitely.

But even if the federal government and all of the States had proper child-labor legislation—and enforced it—what would we do just now with these 2,000,000 children from our farms and factories and streets? Send them back to school? But the same economic debacle that put most of them into industry has, at the other end, closed the doors of the schools to them. And while, by taking them out of their pitiful jobs, we could at least give those jobs to their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers to whom they belong, we would however have nothing to offer these children in their place.

For the vocational schools and the continuation schools and the night schools, where they could have gone on with their education, possibly learning a trade that would have fitted them for better jobs when a brighter day dawned, have been discontinued—in the name of economy; schools and courses that had come into being after long and patient effort on the part of those with the foresight to see the need for them in this machine age, are gone. Even in New York, the richest city in the world, the adult continuation schools were closed last fall, despite the protests and pleadings of the hundreds of unemployed young men and women who have found in them their only hope for a better future. And now, toppling after these special schools and courses, faster and ever faster with the reduction of school budgets, come threats of closings or actual closings of our regular schools.

Hundreds upon hundreds of them closed their doors early this past year, with no more ado than irresponsible business concerns; in hundreds of others, terms are being shortened, teacher loads increased; salaries are in arrears; and of course music and the arts and all that made for a satisfying use of leisure were lopped off in the beginning, with the vocational and continuation school. Now, as a final straw, attendance officers are being dispensed with.

In Alabama alone, the rural schools in twenty-five counties are closed, leaving 200,000 children with no schools to go to, and 5000 teachers without work. In one county in Tennessee not a single school had money to open its doors this school year. Even in Dayton, Ohio, home of several internationally famous industries, and in a banner State so far as child-labor legislation is concerned, the schools were operated on a three-day basis during the first month of the present school year, and took an exceptionally long holiday at Christmas.

There are confidential letters in the files of the National Education Association offices that tell of conditions even worse than these that have so far reached our daily papers. "We are faced with a three to five-month school term in the majority of our districts," writes one Ohio superintendent. . . . "This year many districts have not had a cent of cash to begin their terms," writes a superintendent from Arkansas. . . . "Our teachers are from five to eight months in arrears with their salaries," writes another superintendent from the South. "How can we hope to go on under such a strain?" . . . And from Iowa, "The biggest drive at the present time is coming from manufacturers and large taxpayers, who have hired experts to tabulate data, publish it in the newspapers, and to direct tax reduction committees. Propaganda is being deliberately built up that it is the educational system that is wrecking the country by taking farms and homes away from the people who can't pay taxes."

It is not alone in the schools that the children are being discriminated against. The economy programme has also curtailed the activities of the desperately needed United States Office of Education, and the Children's Bureau, and has made it difficult for them to meet the

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requests for services which have naturally increased in number and urgency because of the depression. Yet an even further cut in their appropriations has been recommended to Congress by the Budget Committee! And such invaluable, altruistic, and important voluntary organizations as the National Child Labor Committee, the Consumer's League, and the American Association for Labor Legislation have inevitably had their contributions cut to the danger point.

Yet it is not alone the link in the vicious circle made by unwise reduction of school budgets and welfare organizations that is the villain of the piece. There are many of these for each one of the links. We could name individuals beginning with Anthony Persiana, who last year chained up his twelve year old daughter after her household chores were done, in order that she would use "her spare time" covering lamp shades sent in by a neighboring factory. We could single out organizations which have pursued a definite policy of opposition to federal or State legislation for the regulation of child labor, from the growers of New Jersey, who recently procured the defeat of the carefully prepared and widely endorsed migratory child-labor bills, to the National Association of Manufacturers, whose glorious work was acclaimed by their president in these ringing words a few years ago:

"The National Association of Manufacturers is responsible for the defeat of the Federal Child Labor Amendment. We have never rendered any greater service to the Association than in the defeat of this amendment."

We could read out a dishonor roll of States, beginning with South Carolina and Georgia, which have the poorest ranking of all in proportional percentage of children employed in gainful occupations, long work hours for children, low per capita expenditure for education and high percentage of illiteracy, and where the labor of children in non-agricultural fields alone increased from 1920 to 1930, despite the general decrease in child labor and the unemployment of adults, by 22.6 per cent and 5.5 per cent, respectively—a stark and unmistakable testimonial to exploitation. Not to discriminate against the South, we might mention Pennsylvania and New York, which lead the list of States employing children in manufacturing and mechanical industries, with New Jersey and Massachusetts fourth and fifth in order.

But back of it all is our own indifference, that permits politicians to play politics with children, forcing them to make up for the deficits of industry, and with no place to go unless they stay on the streets or on their jobs. Unless the schools, rural as well as urban, are properly financed by the States so that they can afford to remain open for an adequate period during the year; unless they provide worthwhile activities and training for the non-academically minded child; unless they train for a wise use of leisure as well as for vocations; unless they provide attendance officers of the right sort and in sufficient numbers to go after the ignorant parent and the unscrupulous employers, who are always ready to take advantage of a period of confusion and laxity, we are going to have more and more children seeping back into the factories and the canneries, or roaming the streets.

What is President Roosevelt going to do about this? He has publicly expressed himself as actively against the present situation, in which untrained children, keeping adults out of employment, cut wages down below a decent living standard. He has with equal clearness expressed himself in favor of keeping children in school to the age of sixteen, and of increasing vocational education for those who would otherwise not receive adequate training for earning a livelihood. He and his party have promised this distressed country a new day. Will he take the initiative in seeing that this day dawns for the children, too?

Of course this is more a State than a federal problem. But States vary in their industrial problems and in their political subservience to them—and in their enlightenment and social consciousness. It is to the federal government that we must look for leadership, the federal government that in war time pours out its money freely, getting it some way, somehow, to keep the bodies and the souls of its soldiers together; it is to this same federal government that we have a right to look now to do the same thing, if necessary, for these guardians of our national future.

Will they do it? Or have we, perhaps, merely a ballot box where our heads ought to be, a cash register where a stethoscope ought to show a heart?

*In coming numbers—"Satan's Version of the Fall of Man" by Lincoln Steffens, "What's Wrong with American Culture" by Robert Briffault, "The Author and Politics" by Paul Rosenfeld, "Juvenile Crime by Radio" by Arthur Mann.*

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# LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

## The Jersey Devil Came

*By Ruth Crawford*

My mother was thought to have done very well for herself when she married my father. Her people were coal miners; he was a glassblower. Glassblowers, some thirty years ago, made good money. They went places, even though it was only from one factory town to another. They were notoriously good spenders—easy come, easy go. They could generally afford hired girls to assist their wives. If they could not afford a steady girl, they at least were able to pay some woman to do the washing and ironing.

Added to those advantages of my mother's marriage—as far as their children were concerned—were the interesting vacations which went with the trade. Every summer the fire went out. That meant the factory was shut down so that the furnaces might be put in order to handle next season's orders of beers, whiskeys, sodies, ketchups, medicines, all names of bottles. So, for two or three months the blowers had to live on the fruits of their winter's labors. At that time the industry was run on what might be called a paternalistic basis. As I remember my father drew twenty dollars a week. We lived well on that. But he made twice that much or more, the rest being held in trust by the factory until the fire went out.

When that happened the blowers could scab. That is, they, strong union men, could take employment as mill hands, go down into the mines, or get cheap work in other industries not so highly organized as the glass trade. This my father refused to do. Taking some other devil's bread out of his mouth, he used to say contemptuously of his fellow tradesmen who forgot the principles of unionism.

No, instead of getting another job when the fire was out, he used to pack himself and family in the day coach and go visiting. First we would visit mother's people and then his own, always paying board as befitted a family so relatively prosperous as ours. My father would help around with the work, or make improvements on a small farm which he owned near his father's place. His leisure was spent in hunting and finding golden opportunities for a man to start out for himself and get so he wouldn't have to work for any one again.

It was on one of these vacations that I first heard of the Jersey Devil. We had just arrived for the visit with my mother's people, in a little mining town near St. Louis. Grandfather had a big place—at least it seemed enormous to me then and I have never seen it with adult eyes. It was a two-story gray frame house with a shanty or summer kitchen back of it. The front yard was kept for appearance's sake, but the great space in the back of the house served as a social centre. There was a porch all across the back of the house. On this occasion it was filled with women, relatives and friends who had come to welcome my mother back among them. Not far away, under a huge elm tree, was the well, around which the men gathered to listen to my father. He was much of a personage among them, for he was a glassblower; they were miners.

How dark it was that night! Cuddled on the well-seat by my father, I tormented myself with fascinating stories my cousins had told me the summer before about people who fell in wells. I dreaded the moment the women folk would be calling for some one to draw a fresh bucket of water, dreaded the awful noise when the bucket would strike the water. I had not heard it for a year, for we, of course, had hydrants.

Then men did not want water. They were passing around the beer bucket, replenished when necessary from the saloon across the road. The tin bucket caught the little light there was coming from the lamp in the kitchen. Now and then it reflected the flame which would break loose when some one stirred the smudge—slow burning rags in a coal bucket, burned so that the smoke therefrom would keep the mosquitoes away.

I was afraid to fall asleep. I might dream that my father had fallen in the well. Certain it was that if I really fell asleep and were caught at it, I would be aroused and sent upstairs to bed alone. So I slept by snatches. In that half-awake stage I heard the words, "Jersey Devil."

My father was telling about it.

"What's the Jersey Devil, Papa?"

"It's a great big mosquito that flies over Jersey and it'll get you if you ain't a good girl," one of the men said.

For answer my father hugged me and whispered as his lips brushed my hair, "She's her papa's good little sleepy girl, ain't she?"

Then he called for the women to take me.

That night it wasn't the well that kept me wide awake. It was a mosquito with the horns and tail of a devil, riding a pitchfork, witch fashion, and hunting me out. And my father couldn't save me from this horror which I knew to be the Jersey Devil.

He couldn't save me for he couldn't save himself. The Jersey Devil came. It was the name of the first machine that made glass bottles, made them three, four, five times faster than my father could blow them, for all his skill. It was inevitable that the Jersey Devil should get his job. It was part of the worshipped progress and it was well that it came.

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No more do men have to stand before blazing furnaces, nor have their young sons blister their hands carrying-in for them.

But my youth was spent knowing the Jersey Devil to be a great evil, responsible for all our woes, for it had taken my father's job away from him. Other machines were taking other men's jobs away from them, too, away from men, artisans, skilled, proud tradesmen who in mid-life found themselves bereft of their trade. They are the unnecessary man power that stand in our breadlines because Jersey Devils can turn out more of this world's goods than the world at present knows how to use.

What of them? What of their families? Was their story the same as ours?

Those happy days before the Jersey Devil came. On the slightest excuse I used to raise my hand in school, wanting to tell the others that my great-great-grandfather had built the first window-glass factory in this country. Hadn't my father told me so? What lovely things of glass he made for me and how I showed off before children who weren't so fortunate as to have a glassblower for a father. Graceful pears, paper weights with flowers in them, long slender canes, stars, and flasks with bottoms so thin that the merest breath, blown into them, was enough to make the bottom move back and forth with a sucking noise.

My father was wonderful because he could do those things. He was also wonderful because he was always doing something, always spinning great stories for us, taking us to circuses, fairs, carnivals, or visiting, which with him was adventure enough. And as for presents, he always had them with him, not only for us, but for us to give our playmates. One day he came home with a second-hand set of encyclopædia for us, though none of us could read. Once it was a horse and buggy that he brought; once he tied a cow in the yard. Bargains, they were to him, to be sold later for profit. To us they were adventures. One fine day he brought home a graphophone with a great red horn and a record from which you could hear a man whistle and a dog bark. And he sent us out to invite every one in that night to dance and listen to the music. None of them had graphophones.

My father was verily a nine days' wonder to us. He had friends everywhere, friends won because he had the most likable gift of the gods, a relish for life. He was passionately in love with my mother, and though they were of different temperaments and ambitions, she always reciprocated his love. His great joy was his three children, two boys and a girl. I was the middle one. And the world was made for them and he dreamed of winning it for them. He was going to get on Easy Street when his chance came to leave the glasshouse. He had gone into it as a carrying-in boy when twelve years old. Now his skill as a journeyman was celebrated.

My mother, who liked to be settled in life, used to complain, "Ed's too good a blower, that's the trouble. And he knows it. That's why he gets independent and quits every time things go wrong or he hears of a new factory. If he couldn't get a job so easy he'd hang on to what he gets."

That might have had something to do with it, though I think it was more his restless, imaginative nature that kept him going from one city to another, always taking us with him. He could always get a job in Milwaukee, Belleville, St. Louis, East St. Louis, Terre Haute, Muncie, and Rochester. The latter city was his boyhood home. Once he took us all back to Rochester. That was a wonderful year for us. He took us around to places where he had played and to visit the people he had known years ago.

During this Rochester period we had begun losing our affluence; machines were being introduced and the industry was adjusting itself. We could afford only furnished rooms in a nice section of the city, whereas in other places we had had a nice place of our own.

In such quarters my mother was embarrassed when Father's friends came to pay their respects; they all seemed prosperous and settled. What would they think of us?

They seemed glad to see my father and were solicitous about his family which had left Rochester for Muncie when that place opened up as a glass manufacturing centre. The principal of the school where Father took us for enrollment was very much excited, for she had been his teacher twenty years before. She liked us for his sake—she called him Eddie—and her favor distinguished us among the teachers. Among the children we soon were celebrities, for we were from out West where the Indians were. So they thought, and we thought it was well to keep them thinking so.

In addition to Indians, whom we had never seen, we could also boast of having seen the Mississippi, the wonder of the geography classes. That was stupid of them, my brother Bill and I thought, because even a boat excursion on the Mississippi was not half so wonderful as seeing the falls in the Genesee River. They were frozen over when we arrived in Rochester. We anticipated the time when the river would be at flood stage and the ice blocks would go crashing over, as my father remembered they did when he was a boy. When we saw the ice hurtling over we understood why he had been so excited about our seeing them. Once he took us to the falls on an early May morning. He walked us along the river bank showing us where he and the boys used to fish and where they used to swim across the river.

He became more and more glamourous to us as he relived his boyhood with his children, Saturdays, Sundays, and evenings when he was working the day shift at the factory.

Now, thinking of those months in Rochester, I realize what a respite they were for him and what an escape from the ever-present undercurrent of worry. His dashing young widower brother, Will, also a glassblower, used to spend the evenings with him. They talked of the Jersey Devil. This factory and that factory were trying out this machine and that machine. The Jersey Devil did the work of two men, but they were hearing now of machines that would do the work of six men, so

"Lizzie, what you going to do when nobody needs glassblowers any more?" Uncle Will asked my mother to ease the tension of his discussion with my father.

"I'll get me a travelling salesman then, one who can buy me a pony coat," she answered, "although once I thought I'd have it easy if I married one of you blowers."

"Never mind, old girl," my father said. "We'll get on Easy Street yet, but not in this damn factory business. Eh, Will?"

And then they would talk about dif-

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ferent ways there might be to make money.

"If you two don't stop answering Florida ads you'll get us broke buying stamps," my mother would interrupt their calculations of how to make a fortune planting orange groves in Florida. That was two decades before the boom brought prosperity to so many who had answered Florida land ads in northern papers.

What did they know about raising oranges, she, the practical one, asked. No more than they knew about running Jersey Devils, but one midnight Uncle Will wakened us all to say that my father might have the chance to learn to master the new machines. An old boss of theirs back in Indiana was putting machines in his glasshouse. If my father and uncle wanted to come back they could learn how to run them and have jobs. It was good of old Alec to give them a chance when there were so many blowers idle.

"You two are always quitting," my mother said. "I thought you liked it here. This is a nice place."

"Yes, but it won't be nice when they start putting machines in. No, we'd better go back and learn while we've got the chance."

So my father went west a second time. The first time, as a youth of fifteen, he had gone to serve an apprenticeship in one of the country's best trades. The second time, a man in his middle thirties with a wife and three children dependent upon him, he went west to make peace with a machine that was a better blower than he.

There was no peace to be had. Summer time was no longer the set time for the fire to go out. The fire was always going out, as one manufacturer after another closed down his plant for a general readjustment. His competitors were getting in new model machines before his workmen knew how to operate the old. So he must get a still newer model. There was the waste of experimentation, as each sought the machine which would make whiskeys, sodies, beers, ketchups, with the help of fewer and fewer men. Some manufacturers, having made their money in the old days of this lucrative industry, liquidated, throwing their entire force of workmen into competition for jobs which meant learning how to operate the machines.

If the manufacturers were insecure, what of the workmen? Young as we children were—I was nine at the time—the horror of that insecurity was communicated to us. Old Alec kept his promise; the Crawford boys were learning how to run the machines. But there were days when the machine's entire output would be lost. The new wonder workers were not perfect; what machinists there were used the trial and error method in repairing the machines; and the glassblowers strove vainly, ruining dozen after dozen bottles trying to discover for themselves what was wrong, or else stood in the midst of the turmoil waiting their turn to have the machinists look in at their shop. Because no one was to blame, every one was to blame.

Cross and irritated after such a day my father would come home, tired, weary, wanting nothing but bed. When he was at home and awake my mother suffered. Kind, intelligent, helpful and willing as she was to do the right thing, she was not temperamentally fitted to sympathize with his far-flung plans for getting out of that damned glasshouse for good. She was willing to try anything that promised a better way. But, womanlike, she could see that the small amount he was bringing home every week—nothing was held back by the company these days—was better than nothing when a man had a wife, three children, and another one coming. Maybe all his schemes were impractical. Maybe they weren't. I fancy the former was true, for the chances are against a working man with no capital but ideas. And had he tried and failed, could he have forgiven himself for taking all their savings when there was a baby coming?

About that time the factory closed down. Uncle Will, whose patience had been exhausted weeks before, had gone on to East St. Louis where the factory still had blow shops. He sent for my father.

That job was the last my father was ever to know of prosperity. Temporarily his plans for getting out of the glasshouse were silenced, but only because the troubles at hand challenged all his resources. He was breadwinner, nurse, housekeeper through a harrowing six months. The new baby, a girl, was born on the hottest of July days. Two weeks later my mother left her bed to hold the four-year-old boy in her arms while my father poured whisky down the child's throat, a desperate attempt to break diphtheria phlegm.

There was never a happier day than the one when the board of health had the place fumigated. All we had been through was forgotten as the wan little boy rocked his baby sister on the front porch.

"Well, old girl—we're all together again, ain't we?" my father asked.

I remember how my mother looked up at him and said, "Ed, we'd better get the baby baptized right away."

"Don't worry. Didn't the doctor say that if any of the rest of them were going to get it, they'd be down with it by now?"

But the next day I was in bed. The sign was on the door again. Two weeks later the other boy had scarlet fever. When the signs finally came off the house again, our mother was an invalid.

Do economists ever hear of such stories? If so, how do they have the heart to send out pamphlets telling that if so and so is put in the bank for so many weeks, at the age of fifty a man can retire? One such calamitous year as ours would have wiped away more than the average working man could save in ten years. The wonder is that he saves at all, facing the futility of any so-called security he might hope to master.

Everything was gone and the farm bought as an investment ten years ago was mortgaged. My father realized then what we were up against; my mother was thankful we were all alive. So when normalcy returned to our group, my father was off again on his imagined way of getting out of the glasshouse. Even under the most favorable of circumstances, his trade would never give him security. And faced with a trade which was soon to be no more he was a fool not to take a chance on something else. But always he was cautioned to wait. There would be time. Weren't we saving again? Weren't the children happy and getting along fine in school? Why did he want always to be pulling up stakes just when we were getting acquainted in the community?

And Bill and I were old enough now to take sides. We were with our mother,

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for we were having a glorious time running around with our school gangs.

In the meantime Uncle Will had married again. With his family—his children, his wife's, and their own baby, he was living on a farm beyond the bluffs of the Mississippi, on the outskirts of Belleville, my mother's home. They were looking forward to the day when my uncle would leave the factory for good and make the farm pay. My uncle was going to make the adjustment gradually. Since he knew nothing of farming he was going to earn a living in the glasshouse while the farm was put on a paying basis. The city man's old dream!

We spent our Sundays with them. Coming home on the interurban the argument would start again. We ought to buy a place like that, my father would say. And send our children to a school like the one there. Just when they were ready for high school? my mother would ask.

It was the one argument he could not answer. His own future was to count as nothing against getting an education for us, so that we wouldn't have to work for a living. No matter what had happened to him he was going to save us. We would never have to depend on our hands. In the vague way the uneducated have of accounting for differences in prosperity, knowledge, to him, was the moneymaker. So many ways out of his dilemma might have been found had he had the knowledge one gets in school, so he thought.

But school or no school we did move to the country, but not to the farm. It was to a pleasant little cottage on a small plot of land near Uncle Will's place. And we moved without a struggle from mother, for as usual, she faced necessity bravely. The immediate cause was the shutting down of the factory to put in machines. The larger cause was the upheaval attendant upon the war which had been declared in Europe.

A long, long struggle of job hunting was ahead for my father. We had to live where we could survive on next to nothing while he hunted work.

It is enough to be alone and unemployed, but how much more terrifying it is to be head of a family and jobless. Every morning before daylight my father would leave the house for the long interurban ride to the city to make the rounds of the stock yards, the steel mills, the enamelling plants. He wanted something, anything that would tide him over until he could get hold of a glasshouse job. He, the proud union man of other days, asking for work as a laborer. Worse, being refused. No experience and nearing forty. Physical examinations had been introduced as factory requirements. Sometimes he couldn't pass these. Nor could he be every place at once. Sometimes he was at the stockyards when the mills took on men; sometimes it was the other way around.

One night we waited supper for him so long that we all agreed he must be working somewhere. At last he came in, all dirty. So he really had been working. We were so relieved. But he was bitter and ashamed. He was working on the section with a gang of Negroes and Polocks—with all his class prejudices—and for only a dollar and fifty cents a day. Christmas was coming. He supposed we should be thankful. Now there would be something at least for the two little ones. There was enough for a toy for them, and also for Uncle Will's little ones who still believed in Santa Claus.

So had the section hand believed in a Santa Claus once. He had believed that all labor was honorable, that a man was to be respected who bemeaned himself to earn an honest living instead of stealing. There was one form of stealing, though, that was more honorable than earning an honest living, but the word "exploitation" had not been publicized at the time my father dug the frozen earth with pick and shovel.

A dollar and a half a day was the price the world paid him for his labor. Into the bargain he threw his self-confidence. A youth can work in a gang and be interested in it as an adventure. If contemplative, he can enjoy such an experience in an impersonal way. Back of his going to work in the morning is his conviction that being a section hand will some day be an experience worth relating. But at forty one is not so sure that some day, somewhere, there will be a wealth-giving opportunity.

"I'll be cleaning the streets next," my father said bitterly one wretched night when his spirits were so low that even the baby's new trick had no interest for him.

"Shame on you, Ed; you know this can't last forever," my mother said.

One night she sent us down the road to meet him, to tell him that a letter had come about a job he should write for in Indianapolis. An old friend, reminded by letter to keep watch for him, had remembered. Two days later there was a telegram from the boss telling him to come on. It was a machine job. That, even we children knew, meant trouble such as he had gone through when old Alec had given him a chance.

But no word of foreboding was spoken as we bustled about packing his clothes into the suitcase while they were still hot from the irons. Bill and I were to help him carry his things the mile and a half to the interurban which would take him to East St. Louis where he could catch the Indianapolis train. None of us cried.

"Not many kids got a dad as good as we've got," Bill said when the street car had taken him away.

Neither of us said another word on the way home. Nor was there much to be said as we sat around the lamplit supper table that night. It helped some to try to make the baby understand that her papa had gone on the big train.

Every two weeks thereafter a registered letter would come from him containing a twenty-dollar bill. He kept the same amount for himself, out of it paying board and room, laundry, union dues, and carfare. There was no money being saved to bring us to him. It was not worth while trying to borrow the money, for as he wrote, there was no telling how long his job would last. Something was always going wrong with the machines. The factory might close down any time. He was writing to other places to see if he couldn't find something that would earn enough to have us with him. Then just as soon as we could get a little ahead, he had a scheme which would sure put us all on Easy Street. He missed us all. Did the baby still remember him? He was sorry that he couldn't send more money, but maybe next payday it would be better.

So on ten dollars a week my mother kept us all and without running in debt. How? I don't know. Once in a while we had meat. That was when she let us go see her relatives, the miners, who had had a good year. If we'd ever learn not to act like little pigs when we sat down at their tables, she'd let us go more

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often, she'd tell us. But what must our aunts and uncles think of us? That we'd never had pork in our lives? In her heart she knew her family was glad to have us around; we had always been pets of theirs. But for one of them who had made a good marriage to be sending her children to them for a good meal, cost too much in pride. When we had had money she was pleased when her brothers gave us nickels, dimes, and occasionally a quarter. Now she thought they might think she expected them to do so. So does misfortune distort the closest relationships.

But we could go up the road to Uncle Will's farm as much as we pleased, for conditions there were no better than our own. Uncle Will had gone to join my father. His wife and their combined family of five were likewise managing on twenty dollars every two weeks.

What a winter, spring, and summer that must have been for those two women. What a glorious adventure it was for us youngsters with an entire countryside for our domain. We fought each other; then united to fight the neighbors. We stuffed ourselves with jelly and bread sandwiches so that we wouldn't have to carry them on our trips through the woods. We felt sorry for ourselves when we had to plant potatoes on Saturdays; but we said no word of complaint when on Sundays we cleaned old pig pens and chicken houses to use them as forts and playhouses. We coasted over the hills in the wintertime; we gathered wild crabapple blossoms in the spring.

The potatoes which we planted became our main food. Lettuce was ready too. And in late June there were chickens, delectable fryers. But even fried chicken can become tasteless when it is the only meat one has month in and month out.

In the middle of July the fire went out. Our family was reunited. It was thought wise for the men to come home and work my uncle's farm which we had planted in corn. For ready cash the fruit from the orchard could be peddled in town.

In late September the men went away again. They had landed jobs in a Terre Haute factory. They must have done better than in Indianapolis, for by Thanksgiving the belongings of the two families were packed in a freight car, headed for Terre Haute.

I was left behind, to stay with my mother's relatives and finish the high school term. Glowing letters came to me relating the miracle of a high school near where the others had located in Terre Haute. I spent the next two months building more and more fantastic pictures of the life I was soon to lead. I would have nice cloth dresses again. We would have a house with a bathroom and lights. Friends I would make would come there for parties.

But when I arrived it was to find the family lodged in the meanest quarters it had ever been in. All were there except Bill. He, I was told, had a job as carrying-in boy at one of the glass factories.

"Doesn't he go to school?"

"Not this term."

They were holding something back.

My father turned away from my questioning eyes. "Your pop ain't much good any more, Ruthie," he said.

He had been laid off since Christmas. The little Bill made had been supporting them. Bill, or Shrimp as he had been nicknamed because of his size, was not yet sixteen and the breadwinner. Bill, whose far-flung dreams of grandeur had gone so far beyond my own, was working in a factory.

He came home that night too dirty to kiss me. I sat near him in the kitchen while he washed in a granite basin on the washstand. He sputtered between latherings, asking questions about our Belleville companions.

When he dried his hands he held them out for me to see. "How's that for a hand?" he asked. "Ever see such callouses? Talk about hoeing potatoes. Gosh, you should have seen the blisters the first day I worked. Burnt then, but they don't hurt now."

He did the talking as we gathered around the table. All the solicitude of the family was for him. The best piece of the round steak was his, for he had been working hard. Bill had become head of the family. It was he who had decided that I was to go to school even though there was no money. Who would hire a girl like me? he had asked them. I couldn't possibly be earning anything; so I might as well be learning so that I could earn some day. As for him he'd work now. Later on he'd get a day job, not a job with three shifts, and he'd go to night school to catch up on what he had missed. I think now of how badly my parents' spirits must have been broken. They had wanted education for all of us. To think that Bill had to plead that I be allowed to go on to high school.



The next Monday, for the first time in my life, I went to a new school without having Bill along for protection. No Bill along to see that I was put in the proper classes. In our movings heretofore part of the procedure on our entering a new school was arguing the principal out of putting us back a class. Bill's technique had been to tell how smart I was. They were convinced that he was smart to out-argue them. In all our wanderings, thanks to Bill, we had never been put back.

But now—no Bill! That night I told him how wonderful the school was, but not how afraid of it I had been.

"I'll know everything about it when you come, Bill," I said, wishing for some way to make up to him for his not being there.

Bill never came to see that fine school. He had just turned eighteen when war was declared. He joined three days later. He thought his motive was pure patriotism. But was it not really a way out? An honorable way to have a try at success for himself? A way out without leaving us stranded, for regularly his entire check came home to us.

Bill chose his way out of the almost unrelieved struggle my father was having to find a place for himself. There were jobs at his trade when that was possible, but because of the machines, so few workmen were needed; jobs, laboring when he could get nothing better. There was no security, no future. In other days, when he had aired his promotion schemes, he had been taken seriously. When there had been money in the bank for him to try out schemes, he had to be argued into keeping his feet on the ground, as his wife saw it. Now there was no money and no danger. My mother's attitude was that if it gave him any pleasure to talk about his schemes, he was entitled to it, for certainly life had treated him badly. The adventurous father of our childhood was now a defeated man, and worse, an apologetic man. His manner became a continuous silent apology to his wife and children; he was convinced that he had failed them.

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The first Saturday I clerked in the basement of a department store for a dollar's pay, he didn't say that it was fine, as my mother did to encourage me. He said, "Never mind, Ruthie. I'll get on my feet some day and you won't have to work."

Each of my money-making adventures during high school years met the same remark from the man who had wanted his girls to be fine, cultured young women, good enough for the best men in the land. And here I was, determined to usher in the town theatre, even though it was burlesque on Sunday. It paid six dollars a week for very little work.

Taking a long chance on a job, while in high school I passed the state teachers' examination. All that was needed then was to survive through a term at the Normal. Then I might get a school.

The war made the plan work. It took men from the industries, so that a man in his forties was found to be good for something. My father found work in a machine shop in a glass factory. Thus the economic tension was lifted long enough for the term to be had at Normal. And because the war had drained the country of manpower, and teachers were leaving their profession for more lucrative employment, an untrained seventeen-year-old girl was given a job teaching.

The job was away from home. They all went with me to the station, waving good-by to a very frightened, yet withal, very hopeful young public instructor.

I sent such glowing accounts home that after a month I guess they thought I could bear up under the news. There was this Prohibition amendment, and the factory's orders for beers had been cancelled. The factory had shut down. Papa had been out of work since the day I left home. They hadn't wanted me to know, but now it was all right. The man who owned the dairy had given him a job driving one of the milk wagons. It wasn't very much but it would do for a while.

And in the same mail there was a letter from my father, trying to make a joke. As if Jersey Devils weren't enough trouble, they had to stop making beer bottles. But I was not to worry. He had something to do, not much, but it was better than nothing. And when Bill came home from the war we'd all find a way to get on Easy Street.

# TOWN IN THE RIVER

## *By Curlin Reed*

"Some day the town will drop in the river." As far back as I can remember people have said that. As far back as my grandmother can remember people have said it. The prophecy, like a minor chord fraught with foreboding, has made itself heard ever and again above the melody of the major symphony of town life as it has marched in varying tempo through the years. We heard it, but we didn't believe it—until it happened.

"Some day the town will drop in the river." Strangers usually said it as they stood on the bluff overlooking that part of the town which lies below along the river. They meant not a gradual slipping and caving as the ever-changing river current ate into the bank (such a slipping and caving has been the fate of many a river town), but a sudden catastrophic dropping. For, you must know, our town sits with its head in the clouds and its feet in the muddy waters of the Mississippi. The residence section sprawls up and down and over the hills that are the beginning of the Chickasaw bluffs, while the stores and gins and depot, our business section, huddle and cling on a narrow level strip of land attached like a low shelf at the very foot of the bluff. According to the prophecy, that shelf would some day drop into the river.

When I was a child there was a tale, legendary even then and probably without the least foundation of fact, of a deep-sea diver who went down into the river and walked on its bed back under the bluff until he was even with the courthouse, which stands on the top of the highest hill. If he had had a giant's sword he could have thrust it up through the bluff and pierced the courthouse steeple. That tale and the picture it makes, like most impressions formed in childhood, are stamped indelibly on every inhabitant's memory. Nobody believed it, of course, just as nobody believed the prophecy that the town would drop in the river.

It was rather strange, too, that we didn't believe, considering that we had warnings and signs. After certain high waters, sinks and cracks suddenly appeared in the street fronting on the river. They were never of great proportions, those cracks, and easily filled with rock and dirt, yet they always gave rise to the old prophecy. And in my own time, which, comparatively speaking, has been short, I have seen part of the town actually go in the river. I have seen an old warehouse, a garage, and several shantylike buildings lose their foothold, crumble and decay, and finally in a high wind go into the river. The railroad, also, originally came into town on the river side but as the current changed and ate into the bank the railroad was moved and now it goes around through the bluff and comes into town from the other side. But all that was gradual, natural, visible, and comprehensive.

This is no treatise on levees. Far from it. As far as I know, with no technical knowledge whatsoever and not taking under consideration various suggestions and recommendations offered by experts and master engineers, levees must be. But unfortunately a levee can't be along that part of town we call Main Street. There just isn't room. "Well, why in heaven's name, then, did they ever build a town down there on the river bank where there isn't room for a levee when there was all that bluff and level land above?" strangers ask.

But that is the question of strangers, of the uninitiate. One might almost say that the stores were there before the river was. At least they were there before the floods, because it was only after the levees were built below town and across from town that floods, as we have come to know them, began. Those first old settlers coming down the Ohio and then the Mississippi in their flatboats weren't bothering about floods. They simply landed in a likely-looking spot and built a cabin above the landing. And so it was with our town, cabins first, then as the land east and west of town was settled, wharfboats, gins, warehouses, and stores. The steamboat trade waxed and waned, the wharfboats finally went into the river, but the double row of little brick

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stores, none of them over three stories in height, remained, clinging there for over a century along the river bank.

Since 1911 our Main Street, at intervals of two or three years, for a time in the spring has become a miniature Venice, a very flimsy unpicturesque Venice it is true, with temporary bridges and walks of unfinished timbers, clumsy skiffs for gondolas, and business men in hip boots for gondoliers. I can't say that the gondoliers sang arias from Il Trovatore and Traviata but at least they were cheerful, jovial even, as the water crept higher and higher. In our case inundation did not mean panic, exodus, desolation, as it did in towns suddenly flooded by the breaking of a levee; ours was gradual and we had time to prepare for it. Though it meant great inconvenience and destruction to property, merchants raised whole stocks of goods and fixtures—because they didn't know what else to do—on scaffolds built on carpenter horses, bridges and walks were erected and business went on as usual. I have purchased my whole spring wardrobe standing on one of those scaffolds, exchanging trivialities and gossip with the clerk as I did so, while the waters of the Mississippi River churned underneath.

We took pride, I think, in saying that business was quite as good as usual. It was sheer bravado of course but we even sent statements to inquiring metropolitan newspapers to that effect. As far as the soda fountains were concerned the statement was true, for business with them was better. No sooner did the news go out that the river was creeping into Main Street again than sightseers in droves descended on us to buy a soda because they had nothing better to do and then to stand and gape and shudder and say, "I wouldn't live here for anything. Some day this town'll drop in the river."

The prophecy never failed to awaken in us indignation, and to move us to make even a greater show of courage. During the early part of the 1927 flood there was some talk of capitalizing our misfortune by staging a water carnival along Main Street, stringing gay lanterns along the bridges, dressing gondoliers in musical comedy costumes, building a dance floor on a barge and charging admission to that part of town. Perhaps it would have been a financial boom to empty coffers but nobody ever had a chance to find out because the mayor said, "No!" most emphatically. Water carnival along his beloved Main Street, indeed! It would be like holding a dance on the very grave of a loved one. Had he his choice he would stop them all at the city limits, those sightseers who came to stand high and dry on the courthouse steps and prophesy dolefully.

Then it happened. And we wondered how we had ever been able to consider anything so frivolous as a water carnival, or carnival of any kind.

Inordinate spring rains and then a flood. It is only after all the levees have gone out and a people are made homeless and devastation is complete that the sun comes out and nature smiles her most intriguing smile as if trying to atone for the havoc she has wrought. And so that spring it rained and rained and the winds lashed the waves against the levees and the men fought the yellow menace of the river with a will and strength superhuman. The scaffolds had to be raised again and again as the water inched up higher than it had ever come before.

During a terrific thunderstorm, long before the crest of the flood had been reached, I was awakened by the shrill jangling of our telephone. A horrible blood-curdling alarm it was, coming as it did in the dead of night. I went to answer it with an unnamable fear clutching at my throat.

A woman's frantic sobbing was the only answer to my frightened "Hello."

"What is it? What is it?" I called.

Finally she controlled herself enough to ask, "Has anybody told—told you —all about the stores downtown?"

"No," I gasped, with the picture of Main Street lashed and whipped by angry waves instantly before me. "What has happened?"

"They're dropping in the river," she wailed with a fresh outburst of weeping. "The Naifeh building has already gone in—ours is going—the west wall already in—yours will be next."

The stores, our business, our livelihood, the heart of the town, dropping in the river. It was unbelievable, yet even as her words were spoken my mind leaped to a full and complete acceptance of the fact. To be sure—hadn't we always been expecting it? Mary was sobbing so that I could hardly understand her. "Somebody called us," she said. "The men have all gone down there. I'm all alone. Oh—it's all we have, that store! My rings are down there in the safe—they'll be gone." Even in that time of cataclysmic horror it was natural that she should think of her rings. And my one thought was not of the stores, not of my family, awake now and clamoring to know what had happened, but that her awful sobbing must be stopped. "Don't cry! Don't cry!" I said over and over again, parrotlike. I wonder now if it was not an unconscious clinging on my part to any straw, however trivial and foolish, in order to put off, even for a minute, the facing of the news she had just imparted.

When I finally told my family what had happened we huddled together there in the hall, too stunned to speak, too dazed to turn on a light, while the storm raged outside. For what seemed ages, though it could only have been a minute or so, we shuddered and clung to each other as each thunderclap shook the house with its reverberations. It was like the end of the world; except that however much we may believe in and expect the end of the world and the day of judgment with its earthquakes and fires and moving aside of mountains none of us expects it in our lifetime. No, we push it far into the safely unknown future. And so it was with this fact of our town dropping in the river. Perhaps we had expected it—but not in our lifetime. Yet in one sobbing incoherent message over the telephone it had come true—and we were alive. I can't remember what we said to each other there in the dark hall. More than likely we said nothing.

The storm abated a bit and, like people coming out of a stupor, we began to move about. Miss Katie who boarded with us went upstairs to dress. My husband, too, began to put on his clothes saying that there were papers in the safe at the store which should be saved before the store went in. We pleaded with him not to go in the building no matter what important papers were lost. You see we had no thought but that the entire street would be swallowed by the river that night.

We went to the windows and in the

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houses all over town we saw lights. Even as we looked new lights appeared. Others, too, were hearing the dread news. It was a night of doom. Miss Katie came down dressed to go out. She owned a business but happily not on Main Street. She and my husband went out into the storm.

We who were left spoke only in monosyllables, chafing and fuming inwardly because we too could not go out into the storm to see what there was to see. It is much more nerve-wracking to stay at home and wait for news than to go out and see for oneself. My grandmother began walking up and down the room moaning that all she had in the world was gone—gone! It was not until morning, or maybe later, that we realized the absurdity of her moan since she had no material possessions whatsoever on Main Street. Yet her moan that night was typical of what we all felt. With the stores gone, the life, the pulse of the town was gone.

Had we reasoned at all that night we would have known that a river bank does not cave or drop while the water is there simply because the pressure of the water prevents. The caving takes place when the water recedes. But people filled with terror do not reason.

Morning came at last, not a morning, however, of brightness and hope with the sun putting storm clouds to flight, but a morning of murky grayness with clouds still low and heavy, though the rain had ceased, a cold dark morning that could do nothing to lighten the hearts within us. We went to town and we stood in little groups all along the back street that is one hill level above Main Street, staring down at the corner where the Naifeh building had been.

It had been the tallest and largest building on Main Street. Its age, and the colorful memory of one of its former owners, gave it a peculiar significance for us. The stores on the street level had been of the ordinary narrow old-fashioned type, but in the spacious rooms above, the Buchanans had lived in picturesque and wonderful style. I can remember old Mr. Buchanan whose every tooth was solid gold (as children we used to try to get near him just to see his teeth) and I can remember his funny little wife with an absurd dot of an old-fashioned bonnet stuck on her head. I can remember, too, tales of the great balls they gave. All this I thought of as I stood with the others and looked down at the little pile of bricks sticking out of the water like the top of a volcanic cone, all that was left of the building. The roof and one side of the next building had been pulled away so that the interior, with the plaster gaping and hideous, lay exposed. I have seen wrecks made by tornadoes and this was not unlike one save in this instance the waters of the Mississippi eddied and churned about and through the ruins.

No one dared to go across to the buildings on the river side of the street. Indeed no one was allowed to. We had been told by now that the town, after all, was not dropping in the river, that it had been a mistake. The Naifeh building had been struck by lightning and collapsed, and as proof that land was still there a switch signal on the abandoned railroad track behind the stores was still standing as upright as ever. Witnesses had seen, as much as it is possible for any person to see, the building struck by lightning and in the same instant had heard the terrific roar of its collapse. Later in a lawsuit between the owner of the building and the insurance companies, settled finally in the Court of Appeals, it was decided that the building was struck by lightning, a decision of nation-wide importance since it established a precedent in insurance company annals.

But all this came later. That morning, although we were told again and again of the lightning, and men went in boats to make soundings around the ruins and prove that ground was still there, we were obsessed by the dire meaning of the prophecy, "Some day the town will drop in the river." Our instant acceptance of it the night before proved how true we felt it to be. All these years we had heard it, jeered at it, and been secretly afraid of it, and now we had been confronted with the awful possibilities of the fact.

The shock was too profound and complete to be got over in the space of a morning—or a week or a year. We went about like people asleep and none of the terrible happenings which came as the flood reached its crest affected us as did the collapse of that one old building and those sobbing telephone messages. Merchants were afraid at first to go across to their stores but after a week had passed most of them went in boats and moved their stocks into second-story vacant rooms on another street. For the remainder of the flood Second Street became a pathetic ghost of Main Street with ludicrous hand-printed signs in dark doorways reading, "Baltzer's haberdashery upstairs," or "Ellison's Drug Co. two doors back." Main Street itself was given up to the river. A swift current flowed down the middle of the thoroughfare where our Fords had once gone jauntily to and fro. The bridges and the walks had been washed away, and driftwood, great tree trunks even, escaping the main channel, had washed in and lodged against and in show windows. And yet that, and the havoc wrought as levees below us and across the river from us were broken and refugees by the thousands were brought in to the Red Cross camp back of town on the bluff, meant little to us. Though most of us were acting as volunteer relief workers under the direction of Red Cross disaster directors, we were like people benumbed by a hurt so terrible that no additional pain could be felt.

The question was raised as to what we would do when the river—if it ever did—went down. We wouldn't, we couldn't go back into that Main Street again, after what had been—and what might be. We shook our heads dumbly. We didn't know. Yet that is just what we did do. When the water went down leaving behind its filth and silt and smell we went back, armed with hose and brooms and determination, to take back our street again. Merchants swept and cleaned and painted their stores, replaced floors and broken windows, salvaged what they could of stocks not moved out in time, and business began in the usual way again.

And yet not in the usual way. We are afraid. We talk and talk of moving the town. We say, "This is only temporary. We shan't stay and wait for another flood." Bills have been introduced and passed in Congress whereby we may have a sea wall some day. And yet I don't know. Perhaps it's laziness, perhaps it's stubbornness, perhaps it's financial, but whatever it is that makes us do it we are still clinging there at the foot of the bluff with a flower-planted plot where the Naifeh building once stood to remind us, constantly, of the time when the town went in the river.

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# STRAWS IN THE WIND

*Significant notes in world affairs today*

## WAR-MINDED JAPAN

*An American who lives in Japan analyzes the attitude of the Japanese people*

I HAVE lived in Japan for a year. Because I want to remain here, and to continue amicable relations with many Japanese friends, I shall remain anonymous. Although my residence has not been long, daily contact with several hundred students, with professors, with graduates of our university who have gone into business, and with Japanese friends of longer standing, not to mention servants and working people and the "man on the street" (the streets are always crowded) gives me, perhaps, a right to express my observations.

About a year ago I wrote a pretty article about the human side of the Japanese—their courtesy and their customs—in the first blush of enthusiasm which usually comes with residence in a foreign land. Then came the Manchurian incident and the exaggerated press reports, followed not long after by the ridiculous suggestion of a Japanese boycott in America. I had not the heart to send out my essay, unprotected, into the storm of abuse and criticism—which in their way were no less foolish than my enthusiasm. Strange to say, I have not revised my opinion at all: the Japanese are a charming and interesting people. But I have tempered that observation with a cooler examination of the national characteristics.

It is not amiss to bring geography into such an examination. Japan is an island, and the Japanese demonstrate some of the insular characteristics which may be found in other nations similarly placed. This, and the system of government, suggest a comparison with England, since both countries have a nominal sovereign and a parliamentary system headed by a premier. The national loyalty to a figurehead is much the same in either case. An island empire also implies the necessity of possessions, and that will bring us very shortly to Manchuria. Japan has in the not so remote past extended her sovereignty to a number of nearby territories, many of which happened to be more or less connected with China. She had not the advantage of seizing land from ill-equipped aborigines inhabiting unexplored country, and because of that she has been subject to censure which was never thought of when the European powers were gathering in their patches—and large patches—of the "uncivilized" world. Japan cannot understand this change in attitude, or she ignores it, pointing, as did Mr. Kawakami in a recent number of *The Atlantic,* to the "big stick" method which the United States and European nations have used in times gone by. A graduate law student said to me, when I referred to Japan's conquest of Manchuria as a purely military coup: "We say that other nations have done the same, but in our hearts we know it is not right."

The need of possessions to strengthen a nation whose own terrain is too small to provide the sustenance, or perhaps the strength, desired—that is the constant excuse which Japan offers to the world. The provocative incidents which led to the quarrel last year are no longer being referred to, and thus far we are tending toward truth. The need of territory for a constantly growing population is a popular argument at present, and it is an honest statement: Japan is thickly settled and families of six or eight are no more than average. But will Manchuria relieve either of these pressing necessities? Japan's expenditure in Manchuria can only be guessed at, but indications are that it is enormous. It seems probable that the business of subjugating Chinese bandits and more or less organized armies will never cease. Does Japan believe that she will gain economically from Manchuria in the long run? I doubt if that question has much importance as an activating force; at least it is exaggerated. As for population, it has been shown that the Japanese are poor colonizers, and only with the utmost difficulty are they persuaded to leave the homeland for Korea and other possessions, although it must be admitted that they have been willing to settle in California, Hawaii, and South America. The proportion of Chinese to Japanese residents in Manchuria at present is roughly one hundred to one; it will be interesting to see whether this ratio undergoes any great change. The very fact that the government continually talks of plans for sending over Japanese families and offers inducements to them would indicate a lack of any great desire on the part of the Japanese to move on, despite overpopulation.

But all this is to deny the reasons for aggression without examining the frame of mind which gave rise to them. Let us recall for a moment a few facts in Japanese history for the light they throw upon present events.

Japan, as a country which has only in comparatively modern times abandoned feudalism, has usually been under military control—a control sometimes three or four times removed from the nominal head of government. There are times when two or three abdicated emperors have lived in retirement while the reigning emperor's powers have fallen to a shogun (a feudal lord whose power rested in military strength) who in turn was controlled by a sort of adviser who had gained the upper hand through the weakness of a shogun overcome by the extravagances of a luxurious court.

Today the situation is similar: power rests traditionally with the emperor, nominally with the parliamentary government, and virtually with the military clique over which the Diet has no control. The public reverences the emperor. He can do no wrong, and is not responsible for whatever ills of government may be felt. Of course this is true, since

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he has no power. The public blames parliament for its ills, swallowing the army's diagnosis and failing to see that with the army Japan's troubles begin.

The other historical fact which should be emphasized is the inestimable effect of Chinese culture upon the nation. The written language, and through it some of the spoken language (though very little), is Chinese. The native syllabary is no more than an embroidery upon Chinese characters and is derived from them. Essentially the languages are as dissimilar as English and Russian.

The psychological effect of an elaborate ideographic language is itself enough to obscure and warp logical thought. The language is neither adequate nor adaptable to modern needs—a fact which is proved by the large number of foreign words (mostly English) commonly used in Japan, and written in the clumsy and distorting syllabary, and by the growing movement for the adoption of Roman letters in writing. Any one who has been educated in an ideographic language seems unable to think thoughts—he thinks symbols. (I do not pretend to make a psychologically accurate statement, but such in fact is the impression given. You may often see an Oriental in conversation drawing a character upon his open palm, to differentiate his meaning from the many other words of identical pronunciation. The Japanese words for hair, paper, and god are the same with a possibly slight variation in pronunciation; this is one of countless examples.) In the beginning Chinese culture no doubt elevated this nation from a comparatively primitive position, but at present it is a drag upon her ambitions, her needs, her native ability.

The Japanese people have always been exploited by military leaders or war-lords who have had the control of government in their hands. In the old days farmers were sometimes unable to eat the rice they grew, and the situation in rural districts today is not much different. Taxes are in excess of ability to pay, and to a great extent the excessive expenditures are military. One way out, of course, is to join the army. It has happened in the past that soldiers outnumbered farmers to a point where enough food could not be grown, and the same thing could very possibly happen again.

The people have always been, and are today, afraid of military power. This is curiously blended with a strong patriotism which they symbolize as the spirit of "bushido." Yet it is apparent that this patriotism is the result of a very determined propaganda on the part of the military clique for the furthering of their own interests. We saw the effect of propaganda in our own country during the World War. The War Office in Japan is constantly releasing this sort of inflammatory propaganda, usually in direct opposition to the comments of the Foreign Office (or state department). It is authentically reported that the attack on Shanghai was ordered by the War Office, and that the Foreign Office wanted it no more than, say, the United States, and was considerably embarrassed in its explanations to foreign powers. This dual character of government is difficult for us to understand, yet it is daily demonstrated here.

In this morning's paper, for instance, I read a statement from the Foreign Office which makes a fair valuation of the United States' attitude toward Japan. In the same paper I read a blustering release from the War Minister which takes a chip-on-my-shoulder attitude toward all foreign powers, especially with respect to the recognition of Manchukuo. There is also an account of two Yale students who were apprehended for counting soldiers as they disembarked from the boat which brought them back from Manchuria!

The efforts, sincere I think, of the Foreign Office to maintain a reasonable attitude toward the nation's affairs are all but completely snowed under by insidious propaganda. The newspapers here play their part, as certain syndicates in America always do, in arousing public ire and suspicion. The silly incident of the National City Bank a few weeks ago commanded extra editions. A photographer had been engaged to take pictures of public buildings in the business section, and some busybody immediately concluded that they would be used *when* the United States came to fight Japan.

That insidious word *when* tells us something of the state of mind. War is regarded as a certainty, as something which must be adequately prepared for against immediate necessity. The fear and expectation of calamity are so ingrained that it never occurs to the public (if it did, fear would prevent it) to ask why, in a very sad economic situation, the army cannot cut its expenditures. The army has increased its outlay in every direction, and calls for more in next year's budget.

The military has control not only of the public purse but of the public mind. When Doctor Nitobe last spring made a fine and reasonable speech in which he urged caution in military matters, an apology was demanded by the army, and was, as I recall, given. It goes without saying that there is no freedom of speech when one of the nation's most respected scholars cannot voice a reasonable opinion. The bravado of War Minister Araki, echoed daily in his releases to the newspapers, goes unchallenged as the attitude of the government. Yet it is not that at all; it is the attitude of the military, which is another thing.

How does the public receive this balderdash? Like any public, it receives the printed word as gospel truth. Sensationalism is always more welcome to the masses than sober truth: witness our tabloids. There is even a report current at present, which has not yet received the benediction of print, that a Japanese submarine recently sank an American warship which was photographing some strategic positions in one of Japan's Pacific island possessions. You will observe that photography is sacrosanct in Japan.



But to be gullible is merely a function of the great public. How is the Japanese peculiar in his thought processes? His illogicality is, I believe, a part of the heritage of the Chinese language. Language does affect thought, and such a language is a great obstacle to clear thinking. How could the National City Bank photographs assist a bombing plane? Why, for that matter, should the United States have any interest in fighting Japan on her own ground? These questions go deeper than mere lack of thought, they concern a peculiarity of thinking.

There are a great many childlike qualities in the Japanese mind. There is this lack of logicality—a tendency to rely more upon instinct or intuition than upon honest thinking. There is insati-

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able curiosity, particularly about foreigners. There is apparent disconcern for human life, and there is the love of the tin sword. There is also a deep feeling of oneness with nature—one of the finer childlike qualities which we of the West are apt to lose no matter how much we talk about it.

The Japanese assume equal existence of these qualities in us. A logical question will often bring a most illogical and childlike answer. Witness, for its strange logic, this bit from the War Office:

"The Manchurian incident should have been considered at an end when Japan formally recognized Manchukuo. In perfection of Manchukuo lies the only real foundation for future peace in the Orient. This is the fixed national policy of Japan. The conclusions in the (League Commission) report, therefore, should be completely ignored as a mere dream of the past."

The Japanese simply cannot understand that we are not fundamentally military-minded, and any discussion of national affairs will inevitably bring forth the assumption that the United States is armed to the teeth, all her male citizens impressed into service, her fleet manœuvred with a weather eye upon the coasts of Japan, and most important, her public thinking and expecting war. It is an exasperating, a useless task, to convince a Japanese that such is not the case—that we are as a nation very little concerned about our army, that it is most unusual to see a company of soldiers walking down a village street with muskets at their shoulders, that the average man has not the slightest knowledge about the management of a bayonet. For all these things are fact in Japan.

The disconcern for human life comes partly from the character which, for want of a more discriminating term I have called childish, partly from inflamed patriotism, somewhat from the religion of Buddhism which teaches that the after-life shall be one of joy and tranquillity, and partially because of financial troubles, for Japan has been hard hit by depression.

Religion is not mixed with morality as it is for us. The Japanese seem to be free from the sense of sin which is evident in Anglo-Saxon peoples. There is nothing evil in the visitations of a married man to licensed quarters. Suicide is an honorable, not a cowardly way of settling difficulties, despite the government's efforts to prevent it. Love suicides, when marriage seems to present difficulties, are frequent: a week never goes by without at least one report of this kind. It is an easy step, therefore, to the idea of sacrificing one's life for his country in whose service death will bring an added glory.



For the masses there has always been the assurance that they cannot rise above the level to which they were born. There seems to be very little hope for them, or within them, that struggle will be rewarded; the easier alternative is death. The more recent development of communism presents a new alternative, and its growth is an object of fear to the government. A reason for Japan's "interest" in Manchuria—and perhaps the most vital—is the fear of Russia and communism, and the desire to have strong protection against any incursions from the Soviet border. To the army such protection is of the first importance. Rigid measures are being taken to suppress the movement, and suspects are arrested by hundreds. The imperial universities are full of Marxian-minded students who go off half-cocked in abortive attempts to change the *status quo* overnight. Eight hundred sixty-seven students were arrested during the past year for communistic activities. But here too the spirit of revolt seems curiously unimportant beside a dissatisfaction with life which seems rather to court death than to expect change.

We have had a lot of tommyrot about the Oriental character—the charm and mystery and so forth—yet it cannot be denied that in the Orient the values put upon life and living are not our values. Actually, the Japanese are able to understand and adopt Western methods in business and even in art to a remarkable extent. Railways, manufactories, communications, airplanes, modern buildings are about as well handled here as in any European country. Public education in Japan is little short of remarkable, the rate of literacy being higher than that of America. Heavy emphasis is placed upon Western methods and customs. Yet the difference persists. Why?

As I suggested, the Japanese have never felt strongly toward the sins which have gained the abhorrence of the Western world. What European civilization has given them in that way they have accepted only at its face value. While preserving outwardly a respect for international law and the sanctity of treaties, I think it is not within their experience to regard them as morally binding. We may in part take the guilt of that upon our own heads, but the permanence of a military hierarchy in Japan has suggested to them that the same power must exist in and among other nations of the world. Ocean-bound, their natural curiosity has been raised to a somewhat higher than normal degree, and to that circumstance we may lay their easily aroused suspicion of foreigners.

But first and last, the supremacy of military power in Japan, and its control, whether recognized or not, of government, have led the inhabitants to identify militarism with politics, and with the very foundations of the state. They do not really believe in any other force in government, a belief to which our own actions in the past have indeed given credence. The parliamentary system here seems rapidly to be breaking down, and may dissolve completely under the pressure of the army.

Manchuria has perhaps diverted public attention from the ills of depression at home; it may be that communism has thereby been averted, for it is well known that a prime interest in taking Manchuria was the fear of communism in China and Russia—a movement which if successful would mean the end of the present military régime.

The Japanese is generally slow to anger, loyal to his family, fond of his children which are always numerous, not overambitious, and content with little. The reason for his military-mindedness lies in the history of his country, and in the continued strength of a military clique which exists for the good of a few. The better educated know that, but they cannot and dare not do anything about it: the military is too strong for them. Only in most intimate conversation will they admit the truth—that the military powers are skilfully exploiting the country, confident that none will dare to stay their hand.

Perhaps it is the softening influence of the old culture which prevents a successful protest from the higher class.

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Military power in Japan has always triumphed because of the weakening effect of a leisurely and gentle life upon the high-born and the rulers. But there are so many of them, these people who stand above the level of public caprice and who know what is wrong in Japan, that it is a great pity they are unable to come out into the open and to challenge military control. One of them said to me of Manchuria, "Taking control there is like marrying off one's daughter; it only increases the expense."

There is not the slightest hope that conditions will change for the better—there will only be changes in the allocation of military power. The Japanese has a prevalent phrase, "shikataganai" (it can't be helped), and it is typical of his attitude. To the world it appears that Japan is a country of militarists, and so it is. But the guiding group is small, and counts upon the strength of its arm and the receptivity of the larger public to propaganda. The group of discriminating Japanese who know that all is not well are too afraid, too indifferent, or too hopeless to attempt any change in what seems to them—and what well may be—an unalterable situation.

# INDOOR POLO TAKES THE FLOOR

## *By Herbert Reed*

### *The New Popular Sport Has Its Heroes, Too*

On any of these blustery March Saturday nights, in more than fifty-four cities of the "shivery belt," from Toronto to Baltimore, from Boston to Cheyenne, in far-off Vancouver and Seattle, a total of some 50,000 sport-hungry citizens will be found cheering the galloping hosts of indoor polo. The game itself has been gathering momentum and its own special group of spectators has been steadily growing in numbers for fifteen years, yet to the general public it comes as a discovery. It has built itself up without the aid of ballyhoo on its own merits of fast pace, physical contact, hard riding, and pretty stickwork. Today, with a suddenness that has startled even its veteran adherents, it has become a game for the spectator at large. Hockey rose to its height of popularity in much the same way.

Polo itself was first played indoors in this country. That original game promptly burst the bounds of the old Dickel's Riding Academy where it was born and took to the spacious stretches of turf to be found at Newport, Narragansett Pier, Rockaway, and Meadow Brook, all by way of Westchester, which section gave its name to the International Challenge Cup. It is not with that game that we shall deal here. That game is an old and familiar story. This brand-new indoor game is no direct descendant, but had its own particular and cherished origin.

Archer Kinney's story of the beginnings of indoor polo is that it was an impromptu affair at Durland's, now the Riding Club, played with brooms and a soccer ball provided by a British groom. This was in 1912. It is a long stride from that day to the present season, which finds indoor polo for the first time invading Canada, a territory hitherto considered in winter sacred to hockey. There the season will last, in common with the winter campaign in this country, well into April, which sees the last of play in the championships.

Strictly speaking, the indoor game got under way without fanfare, and with considerable misgiving, as the horseman's equivalent of squash racquets. A man could close his desk, get to his riding club or his armory, as the case might be, play an hour or an hour and a half of comfortable polo, on a comfortable mount that really was a pony rather than one of the modern hide-and-hair-covered express trains, quit with a minimum of damage, and get home to dinner. That was in the long ago. The game was a boon to the cavalry organizations of the National Guard, later to the artillery units, was played on government mounts and a few privately owned ponies, and was always made a feature of recruiting. Games were followed by dances, as they are today. There were visits to the great riding hall at West Point, to Philadelphia for play with members of the City Troop, to New Jersey, for meetings with the Essex Troop, and so on.

At first the outdoor polo players refused to look upon it as even a little brother of the battle of wide-open spaces. Mention of it produced either a sneer or a guffaw. But Averell Harriman and a few others of the outdoor stars condescended to appear indoors just to try the thing out, and to their astonishment were very badly beaten. They discovered that they could not turn with the handy Squadron mounts, that they knew nothing of playing off the knee-high side boards, or the end walls—the squash racquet feature—and departed somewhat wiser if not sadder. The indoor people had gained the respect of the outdoor stars and were willing to let it go at that.

However, the American passion for organization was already working its will with the game. The R. O. T. C. units at the colleges, equipped with government mounts, and a famous cavalry school, the Pennsylvania Military College, well coached by army cavalrymen, took up the game with a rush. Even far-away Norwich University, the oldest cavalry school in the land outside of West Point, took to going about and appearing at the armories and clubs on borrowed mounts, and in short order the clubs were in for hot competition. Away went the cock horses to Banbury Cross, or wherever good cock horses go, and in came the thoroughbreds, half a ton apiece of speed and power. The Squadron A of New York, the Squadron C of Brooklyn, plodded along and took it on the chin with considerable regularity. Then, suddenly, the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club built itself a real string of mounts, 15-hand weight-carriers, and with the mighty Warren Sackman at back, the inimitable steeplechase expert, "Jerry" Smith, at No. 2, and the bull-shouldered Carl

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Pflug at No. 1, set a new standard for the game. Things began to hum.

Intercollegiate indoor polo got under way, in tournament order with teams at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, occasionally at Pennsylvania and Cornell, at West Point and the Pennsylvania Military College. There was spasmodic polo at Princeton and Yale twenty-five years ago. Official indoor intercollegiate polo began in 1920. At Yale the name of Baldwin, famous since the beginning of polo time, began to appear; at Princeton the names of Arthur Borden and the Posts turned up, and at Harvard the Pinkertons and Gerrys and Clarks swung into action, true signs that the old established polo families were operating under roofs, and the indoor game had become a going concern even in the matter of gate receipts. At New York, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Hartford, Springfield, Mass., even far off Cheyenne, and in outlaw form away out in Seattle, the game got going at a pace and with a ferocity that astonished such founders as George C. Sherman and Robert A. Granniss, the latter the inventor of the original indoor generalship, and captain of the only international indoor polo team the game has seen so far.

And then, without warning, a real 42-centimetre shell exploded in the indoor arena in the person of Frederick Winston Churchill Guest. With his advent, his practical taking over of the leadership of indoor polo, the play achieved such a pace that the more or less tired business men who had founded it began to find themselves going home in splints. The pressure was so great that most of them dropped back happily enough into the ranks of Classes B, C, and D, which are the real backdrop of the show against which the fireworks appear, and everybody is content. As for Class A, made up of those who can hold the Guestian pace, or something close to it, for pressure and action, excitement and sheer crash, it makes a mere hockey match look rather tame. However, there is always a band to drown out the maledictions of the players and the cries, if any, of the wounded.

But it is about the revolutionary Guest that I set out to speak. Here was a young collegian six feet four inches in height, riding at around 195 pounds, storming around an enclosure 300 by 150 feet, on some of the finest mounts obtainable anywhere in the land. Right from the start he loved it. To begin with he had a polo background. An American citizen by choice, he is the son of the Hon. Frederick Guest, of the famous Hurlingham Committee, and of Amy Phipps Guest, of the famous Long Island Phippses, who practically lived in the saddle. So it could be said of this young descendant of Anak that he had the "blood lines" of polo as truly as any four-footed thoroughbred he bestrode.

This famous young man loved the spot-light, honestly and simply gloried in it, and as an objective set for himself the complete and devastating mastery of the indoor game. He wrecked the orthodox generalship by his riding, by his stickwork, by his coaching to team mates such as his brother Raymond, "Mike" Phipps and "Jimmy" Mills, Iglehart and others, and had he only worn the white plumes of Navarre the picture of our hero would be complete. Today he carries the highest handicap of ten goals.

With Winston Guest's coming to a peak of the leadership of the very top indoor class with his beautifully mounted Optimists, the other members of which were Stewart Iglehart, a former Yale star, and Warren Sackman, once the great back of the forces of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, the continuance of this super-polo was assured. It seems to be an old American custom that once a man or a group reaches the heights of what seems to be perfection in sport, he or they promptly face serious challenge. Two such efforts before this season Guest's Optimists had turned back in the form of the Brooklyn Riding Club (the old combination now broken up), and Los Nan Duces, the Little Ostriches, the whimsical invention of the redoubtable McDonald Jones, a mere lieutenant in the army. Indeed, in one year the Little Ostriches came out on top. Jones himself is one of the picturesque and popular figures of the indoor arena. He is full of fire, a good hitter and leader, and a superb horseman. He had been with an army team to the Argentine, and there had picked up the name for his trio. Incidentally, he took away from the Brooklyn Riding and Driving its most famous player in the person of Gerard Smith.

In a world absorbed at present in economic considerations, a word about the economics of the indoor game is necessary. It began as a much more economical edition of the outdoor big brother. A man needed only two good mounts costing about $200 apiece to carry him through, because of the shorter dashes, and briefer play, while outdoors he would have to have at least four, ranging from $1000 upward. In the case of the colleges they were taken care of for the time being, and until the wealthier element took control, by the government's allotment of horseflesh to the R. O. T. C. The cavalry and artillery outfits of the Guard managed with government mounts and with small private pools.

As things turned out, the game in its more economical aspects managed to get along and provide a vast amount of fun, but of course it was the appearance of the more expensively mounted and better advertised teams that built up the gate receipts.

But the point is that the riding clubs, and the Guard units in indoor polo, without the financial resources of the special and the present college teams, have never lost sight of the original idea. To this end, it would be only fair to say something about some of the elder statesmen, many of whom are still in the saddle and in active competition. I can look back on the times, twelve and thirteen years ago, when Squadron A, Squadron C, the New York Athletic Club, the old Triangle Club, Dickels, and other teams were indefatigably at it in the presence of just about a corporal's guard of spectators. And they indulged in no self-pity either, merely because they were not making money. Not that some of the members of the riding clubs were not in the class of the well-to-do, but that no man of modest means was crowded out of the game, or felt at any real disadvantage. Indeed, in many cases a chap could get along pretty well on borrowed mounts. Therein lay the comradeship of the game. And that element has not even yet departed.

In which connection it is interesting to note that these early and modest

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founders managed to stage the only formal international indoor match ever played. One John R. Townsend of delightful memory among lovers of horses everywhere, and the great sustainer of punctilio in the Riding Club of the old days, gave a handsome cup which for a long time went without a challenge. In the meantime Robert A. Granniss, one of the earliest of the indoor players, dating back to the time of George C. Sherman, having something of a mind for experiment, began to work out a form of polo generalship especially suited to indoor conditions and the three-man team. It differs considerably from the present form in that it was built on command of the play by the back, whereas the Guest method revolves around the No. 2 or middle position. In any case, it was the first thing of its kind, and at that time most effective. It was the first method, I think, that really organized what amount to the squash-racquets shots off the end walls and the knee-boards. These had originally been of a rather haphazard nature. This scheme of Granniss's became the standardized form of indoor play.

In due time came the challenge from England. So Granniss formed a team with himself as back and captain, Doctor Blackwell at No. 2, and the equally famous Archer Kinney out in front. The British challengers turned up in the form of four lively Irishmen (three for the team and a spare man), who knew almost nothing about the requirements of indoor play, but who saw in the affair the chance of a sporting pilgrimage. How *thoroughly* sporting was this invasion nobody in this country knew until after the matches, when it was learned that the adventure had been undertaken without any return tickets to Erin, or England either. The visitors were rather badly beaten by the American generalship. They had, however, excellent outdoor records. They simply tried to squeeze a hard hitting outdoor game into a space a fifth the size of the outdoor terrain. On the nights in which the games were played the spectators were kept ducking the wild Irish shots into the seats and galleries. But they could ride, and they had brought fine mounts with them. These two things proved to be their economic salvation. They sold their mounts, and eventually all of the players were installed as polo managers at clubs here and there throughout the country. So out of this invasion the United States picked up a lot of fun and some new American citizens.

This, indeed, was the spirit of the play in those days. There was not the extreme organization of the present time. A man gave what time and money he had and took plenty of hard knocks. He was too busy to think of counting the house. However, the game had so much natural "pull" in itself that it could not fail eventually to sustain itself financially, just as was the case with hockey. There were times when the pioneers of hockey at St. Nicholas Rink despaired of the financial future of that great game.

I think, too, that the courage displayed so closely under the eyes of the spectator had a great deal to do with its rise to popularity. It is no quitter's game. Two instances, I think, will illustrate that. Albright of the New Yorks took so hard a fall one night that he was carried from the ring. Offers were made to fill his place by lending a Squadron player, and there were other volunteers. But Albright himself said he would not quit while he was conscious. It took half an hour to get him in shape to go back into the saddle. But back he went, and played the game out. On another occasion that is vivid in my memory big "Bill" Klausner of Squadron A was launched, the whole 180 pounds of him, from his saddle against the end wall; and big Bill pulled himself up by the stirrup and crawled back into the saddle without assistance. It is that sort of thing that brings the crowd to its feet. And it is that type of sportsman that has put the game where it is.

Along with men like Sherman, who passed on only this last Winter, and Granniss, today an active horseman, there were men of Squadron A, in which armory play in all classes of the championships are held (as also in Squadron C), who were unfaltering in their support and building of the game. There were, for instance, two of the troop captains, Matthews and Vietor, the latter now the major commanding, and those very hard players and especially good judges of mounts, Brady and Fitzgibbon. I could name a long list of others.

I have already mentioned, among the younger men who run to size, Winston Guest; but there is another, now in the Commonwealth Circuit in Boston, who shades even Guest in inches and pounds. He is "Tim" Clark, Harvard oarsman, football player and polo star. Incidentally he performed one feat of endurance that I shall never forget. He rowed in the annual four-mile race at New London a few years ago, and at its close broke training with the rest of the crew, and then sat up in a bridge game until time for the two-o'clock train for New York. Failing to get a berth on that train I was riding in the smoking car myself. Pretty soon along came a set of polo mallets. These were followed by Clark himself, who also had been unable to get a berth. There was quite a group that talked all the way to New York, Clark among them. Arrived in the city there was breakfast, and then Clark announced that he had to go to the Westchester-Biltmore to play for Harvard in the final of the Intercollegiate Polo tournament. He went up early because he said he had to stretch his rowing legs and try out some new mounts. He played superbly throughout the match that afternoon. And he had not slept a wink since the night before the boat race of the day before.

In the handicap list of today Winston Guest stands alone at ten goals. Following, at eight goals, are James P. Mills of the new Aknusti Club, a dangerous team in the March and April championships; and "Jerry" Smith of Los Nan Duces. (Incidentally, a cruel army order has banished "Mac" Jones to Fort Riley, although it is hoped he can get leave to come East later.)

In the seven-goal class are Stewart Iglehart of the Optimists; Jones, already mentioned; "Mike" Phipps, Optimists; "Cocie" Rathborne of Los Nan Duces; and Warren Sackman, now of Squadron C, of Brooklyn. From this point the list runs on through a string of about 1200 names.

In the end the game, filled as it is with courage, horsemanship, sportsmanship, and other good things, has achieved its popularity as a spectator's delight through that quality beloved of practically everybody, and dubbed by the sports reporter "color."

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# CAPITALISM HAS NEVER BEEN TRIED

## *By Wells Wells*

Our society is founded upon the faith that the prosperity of the employing Few is translated into the well-being of the laboring Many. Our industrial system rests upon three theories, namely, (1) that individual initiative is a priceless heritage which can be stimulated and conserved only by competitive struggle, (2) that the profits of industry percolate down through the strata of industry, spreading horizontally among all classes through the avenues of commerce, and (3) that enlightened self-interest is adequate guaranty of the practical operation of the percolation theory.

If the first two propositions are true, they have never been tried, while enlightened self-interest, alone, seems no longer sufficient guaranty that the blessings of prosperity can be equitably distributed in wages. The price of prosperity must be paid, despite the poverty of our great possessions. The serene confidence that unbounded wealth will automatically adjust industrial displacement is a hope founded upon a wish-fantasy. Our industrialized society must devise some plan which will insure the preservation of individual initiative and the adequate distribution of the profits of production.

In normal times, the wage-earners of America receive less than 55 per cent of our national income, and this includes the salaries of highly paid executives who reinvest large portions thereof in capital fund. It follows, therefore, that at least 45 per cent of our national buying power is, even in normal times, concentrated in a comparatively few people. This group cannot appreciably increase its consumption of food, clothing, and other economic essentials and its capacity for luxuries is also limited.

Therefore, the bulk of the income received by this comparatively small section of our population is never put into circulation as increased purchasing power at all. Either directly or through the purchase of securities, the major portion of this 45 per cent, or nearly one-half of the annual income of the United States, must be reinvested, and to this must be added the accumulated savings of the Many. Obviously, the Many, from their less than 55 per cent of the national buying power, cannot so progressively increase their buying and consumption of economic goods as to make adequate dividends possible upon this progressive increase in capital fund, even if they were utterly to abandon the practice of thrift, in which they have been sedulously instructed by the Few.

If it be said that this 45 per cent, thus reinvested, is redistributed among the Many, such redistribution is still *and once more* upon the 45 per cent to 55 per cent ratio. In other words, such redistribution means just nothing at all in the adjustment of buying power, which still diminishes in ratio to the increase in dividend-expectant, capital investment.

Palpably, these facts picture inevitable cycles of depression. Yet our best business brains have devised no escape therefrom other than selling campaigns to increase consumption, on the one hand, and limitation of production, on the other. During a recent effort to increase the consumption of white bread, a well-known milling company caused its radio announcer to declare that, if each of us were to eat one or two more slices of bread each day, the surplus of wheat would suddenly disappear. It seems that this is quite true. Doubtless, similar and equally accurate statements might be made concerning every other economic essential.

Therefore, viewing the problem from this angle, the cure for depression is quite simple. Let every one eat more food, wear more clothing, build more houses, and buy bigger and better automobiles. We are informed by our official bureaus that there are always between one and two million unemployed, even in normal times. Presumably, these and their dependents do not eat enough food, wear sufficient clothing, enjoy proper housing or buy many automobiles, yet, curiously, most of the proposed plans for industrial revival contemplate regulation and limitation of production.

The political implications of such plans are plain enough. There can be no regulated limitation of production without bureaucratic control. Technocracy is the technician's approach to the problem. Its proponents insist that it is a purely scientific research, but it is inevitably political, for it is a frontal attack upon the entire "price system."

Bassett Jones, one of its chief advocates, says in *Electrical Engineering* that "the machine is an agent of liberation. Each of our 35,000,000 workers now uses 3000 energetic slaves in the form of 300 mechanical horsepower, each horsepower being the equivalent in work done to ten human slaves. The machine, as a whole, actually requires but two, not four, eight-hour days a week from each worker. Why should he do more, when, as Russell says, 'the morality of workers is the morality of slaves?'" Therefore, these technicians frankly advocate a bureaucracy to control output and equitably to distribute "energy units," instead of wages. Though they do not propose communism, it is just around the corner.

Be that as it may, none of the other plans suggests a method whereby the cardinal principle of our industrial system, namely, the percolation and spread of profits from the top downward, may be made effective, thus guaranteeing the adequate distribution of buying power, with which ordinary folk may purchase and consume the industrial output. On the contrary, they are all schemes to dam back the percolation and spread of the benefits of industry. They all propose to force industry, by procrustean violence, to admeasure its output, not by *consuming* capacity, which it has never attained, but by *buying* capacity.

Though the technocrats do recognize the necessity for achieving a balance between buying power and consuming capacity, they have concentrated their attention upon the alarming increase in the power of production, ignoring the impossibility of determining our capacity to consume, if given adequate buying power. As Bassett Jones continues: "Ob-

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viously each worker must have adequate purchasing power even if he works but 660 hours or less a year. Well, why not give it to him? But if the facts set down above are fairly correct it is quite evident this purchasing power cannot be in terms of 'price.'" It is at this point that the technocrats step out of their expert field and into the realm of economics. Just here, they cease to be technicians and are driven by their economic deductions to more than the suggestion of political revolution, poorly veiled under the coined word, "technocracy."

It is purposed here to show that neither the "profits system," condemned by the Marxist socialist, nor the "price system," stigmatized by the technocrat, is the true vice in our economic scheme, and that human civilization is far from that bankruptcy in resource which compels resort to either communism or bureaucracy. It is impossible fully to develop my plan in the limited space permitted me, but I trust that I may state a *principle* under which our price-paying and profit-taking society may stabilize the balance between buying power and consuming capacity.

There is no reason to fear the mere possession of wealth by the Few, but the concentration of buying power in the Few is a disaster for both the Few and the Many. Nor is it necessary that the Few content themselves with lesser profits. Economic law operates in sympathy with the uninterrupted increase of wealth in the Few—but not upon a ratio of 45 per cent to 55 per cent. *The ratio of profit-distribution* is the hidden cause of the spiral of diminishing returns.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that wealth and purchasing power are the same. They are not, though they tend to coalesce. A costive condition inevitably accompanies this coalescence, and "wages" is the tyrotoxicon which clogs the intestines of industry, for the economic anomaly of wages, not the "price-system" or the "profit-system," is the barrier which prevents the establishment of a scientific, basic balance in industry. Thomas Carlyle was as sound in his economics as he was in his philosophy when he wrote:

"Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work! Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized? The day's-wages of John Milton's day's-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works,* were Ten Pounds paid by installments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, since human history began. . . . The Godlike could not and cannot be paid; but the Earthy always could. . . . Money for my little piece of work 'to the extent that will allow me to keep working'; yes, this—unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me: but as to 'wages'—!—"

Nearly one hundred years after Carlyle wrote these words, an American Congress had the illumination of mind to proclaim that "labor is not a commodity." Yet it is to little avail that legislative and literary enthusiasts protest, so long as wages remain the price of labor. That which is purchased for a price *is* a commodity, proclaim and protest as we may. The cost of labor is charged into the selling price of the product, plus a profit, like every other commodity, *and profits are calculated in percentages.*

Let us consider what this means. Assume that a factory payroll is $10,000 a week. This is a fairly fixed item of cost upon which the employer must compute a *percentage* of increase to cover shrinkage and to insure himself a commensurate profit. We need not here determine what is a just profit. For convenience, let the percentage be 100 per cent. The payroll must then be charged into the selling price at $20,000 to cover the labor item.

Now, in the course of time, a period of "prosperity" strikes us and the price of labor is forced up in sympathy with the upward movement of all commodity prices. One day, the employer discovers that his payroll has increased to the sum of $15,000 a week. The payroll must now be charged into the selling price at $30,000. He adds no more than the usual 100 per cent to this cost item, but he is amazed to find that his selling price has been increased by $10,000, solely because he has increased the wages of his factory by $5,000!

Of course, this same process had been going on throughout the entire industrial system. There was nothing irregular in all this. It was quite legitimate and necessary so long as wages were paid and treated as a cost item in the output. The wage-increases of "prosperity" would seem, therefore, to double back upon the wage-earner through his increased cost of living and to leave him, as a class, worse off than he was before. This must continue, in strict accordance with the law of mathematical progression, so long as the cost of labor is charged as a commodity item against production cost in industry.

The indefinite prolongation of this sort of prosperity simply compels the wage-earning Many to curtail their buying, for such prosperity eats up buying power, like a snake swallowing its tail. "Permanent progress in prosperity" cannot be achieved by the payment of "liberal wages and consequent large buying power," as Secretary of Commerce Lamont proposes. Alas, the progression is in the opposite direction. No doubt good times are coming back, but they will never be induced to stay upon the 45 per cent to 55 per cent ratio. Yet, if the wage-system remains, we shall be fortunate to maintain even as favorable a ratio as that.

We have been told that periodic depression is an act of God, when it is not the malevolent invention of that common enemy, communism. We once believed this, for we were duly confirmed in the faith that ultimate unction resided in the sacred cæca of the apostles of prosperity, until their recent fumblings of fact deprived us of that superstitious solace. A prominent manufacturer is quoted as saying that there is no better way in which the general public "can aid our employment situation than to cast temerity (*sic*) aside and return to normal buying and consumption as quickly as possible."

How charming! And how true! It is also true that the only cure for unemployment is employment. Unfortunately, the truism puts the cart before the horse. Normal buying and consumption depend upon restored buying power; restored buying power depends upon the return of normal employment, which, in turn, depends upon renewed production. If we wish to be fatuous, we may complete the vicious impasse by saying that the return to normal pro-

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duction depends upon the resumption of normal buying and consumption.

Yet that seems to be the precise position of the cheer-leaders of banking and business, though it constitutes a reference to a policy of despair. It is also an attempt to shift the cost of the depression from the Few to the Many. The initial catastrophe of 1929 cost the Many something like $15,000,000,000, and no doubt they must ultimately pay the rest of the bill, but some method for the redistribution of buying power appears to be necessary before they can do so.

Moreover, after such redistribution, stability must be maintained by an equitable and continued spread of purchasing power—*not by curtailment of production.* Deliberate restriction of production to mere buying capacity is economic anarchy, for it merely translates an ostensible surplus of goods into an actual surplus of idle labor, idle plants, and idle farms, with a consequent further loss of buying power.

It is impossible for labor to escape the losses under any industrial system, though it would be better for society if it might. Labor sustains its losses either through reduction in wages or through loss of employment, and, in either case, the consequent loss of buying power is immediately felt by the entire community. Since labor *must* share the losses of its economic partnership with capital, it is simple justice that it should share in the profits of production upon the same equitable principle as that which attaches by law to ordinary partnerships. As usual, the dictates of justice coincide with economic law.

If society is to escape these cycles of calamity, the attrition of buying power must be prevented by appropriate legislation. The *right* of the worker to his due share of the profits of his industry must be decreed by law; it must be a right which he may enforce in a court of equity upon the footing now enjoyed by a member of an ordinary co-partnership or by shareholders in a corporation, demanding an accounting.

This is the only method for the preservation of individual initiative in a machine age. It is the only scientific guaranty that that fundamental principle of capitalism, the equitable percolation of profits, will not be violated.

The function of business is the making of profits, and it best serves every one when it intelligently concentrates upon that purpose. Business is not an eleemosynary institution, and society pays a triple price when it attempts to saddle business with social burdens. The cost of it all is charged back to society plus a profit. Let business function freely and there will be fewer social burdens.

But it is beginning to seem necessary for business to discover far-seeing sagacity in its own behalf. When compared and contrasted with leading Russian aspheterists, some of our masters of money seem like caricatures in a comic strip. The intellectual facsimiles of Amos and Andy, particularly of Andy, are too often found in responsible positions. In their unctuous ventrosity they are raucous in praise of rugged individualism and they love to dwell upon the blessings they bestow upon society; but their industrial organizations are subtle devices for the crushing of personality and for the defeat of the distribution of the rewards of industry.

It is a great privilege to live in a free country; but liberty, which becomes the facile freedom to die by starvation, is a privilege which may be enjoyed anywhere. It has been said that successful communism is possible only in a highly advanced civilization. It is probably true that our present social system is less difficult than communism because we can get along with a lower level of general enlightenment and leadership; but that should not lull us into the false assurance that our industrialized system is intelligently directed. On the contrary, we have violated every fundamental principle upon which it is founded. Capitalism has never been tried.

We cannot guarantee prosperity by incantation. We cannot, like the priests of Baal, call down fire from Heaven by running about in vicious circles, uttering weird, incoherent cries. The laboring Many must share in the profits of production *as co-partners therein*—not as cost items. Such co-partnership is as unsocialistic as picking cherries on shares. The principles of equity jurisprudence, which have withstood the test of centuries, are as applicable to this economic partnership as they are to the ordinary commercial partnership. A new statute, no longer than a short sentence, would insure the percolation and spread of prosperity and thus stabilize buying power and automatically adjust the balance between production and consumption.

The new statute need merely decree that labor and capital shall be deemed co-partners in *production* (not in the ownership of the plant or tools of industry), that courts of equity shall have jurisdiction over such co-partnerships and that the laws which have heretofore been applied by such courts in accountings between ordinary commercial co-partners shall hereafter be applied, *so far as may be,* to the now legally recognized economic partnership.

What would happen to labor in a depression? Well, what happens now? Partners must share losses as well as profits and labor must take its losses in unemployment. The creation of the legal-economic co-partnership would insure no Utopia. But it would make depression improbable, which is great gain. There would still be problems to be solved. Probably accommodation in the form of small weekly advances upon dividends would be necessary. It is not presently possible to forecast the details of the many plans which would evolve under this law. No doubt there would be many difficulties, but the principle *would evolve.* We may expect to face a few difficulties if we are to escape social and industrial bankruptcy.

"Gurth, a mere swineherd, born thrall of Cedric, the Saxon, tended pigs in the wood, and did get some parings of the pork. Why, the four-footed worker has already *got* all that this two-handed one is clamoring for! How often must I remind you? There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but *has* due food and lodging; and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say, It is impossible? Brothers, I answer, if for you it is impossible, what is to become of you? It is impossible to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for English men. Do you depart quickly; clear the ways soon, lest worse evil befall."

Carlyle believed that the individual was greater than institutions. He still is.

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# AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

After four years of silence Sinclair Lewis erupts again, covering the earth with molten words. In 562 pages he tells us the story of Ann Vickers; but as he is so constituted that he must attack what seem to him oppressors or hypocrites or respectable solemnities, this is a book with a purpose. He "shows up" the cruelties, obscenities, swindlings, degradations of prison life in America. It is a hell on earth. Now just as many foreigners believe that Litchfield, Connecticut, Concord, Massachusetts, Charlottesville, Virginia, are like the small town described in "Main Street," and that the men who contribute to the Community Chests are Babbitts, so foreigners will doubtless believe that all prisons in the United States are like the foul den of unspeakable horrors set forth with such vigor and vividness in "Ann Vickers."

Curiously enough, a few days after finishing this novel I received a letter from a Yale graduate who had just been released from prison. He writes: "It reminded me of El Dorado in Voltaire's 'Candide'—everything free, nothing to worry about—good treatment—plenty of food and a magnificent modern dormitory to live and sleep in with a Harvard and a Princeton man in the same row of beds and plenty of time to play bridge."

I suppose there are prisons and prisons. If there is one prison in the United States like that so realistically described by Mr. Lewis, then we should honor him for drawing his pen in a good cause. In a prefatory note he says he believes his account to be "entirely accurate." Mr. Lewis is a warm-hearted, passionate, excitable, genial, friendly, affectionate man, who hates cruelty and injustice because he loves the inarticulate common people. His hatred for those in charge of prisons and prisoners blazes in this volume like a consuming fire. It is indeed a conflagration of serious magnitude, and for my part I hope that nothing can extinguish it except better conditions.

Lately I have been reading "Pickwick Papers" again; and the difference between the attitude of Dickens and of Mr. Lewis toward prisons seems to be that Dickens moves us to pity and stirs us to indignation by his sympathy for the prisoners, whereas Mr. Lewis arouses us by his hatred for the prison-keepers. He hates them more than he loves their victims. I shrewdly suspect that some of his hatred comes from his restless impatience with all discipline. Restraint of any kind he cannot endure. Restraint, Repression, Respectability—those are the three Rs that make him see Red.

Every one of the major novels of Mr. Lewis (except "Dodsworth") is an explosion. It is hard on the nerves. It is like a steady barrage; it is like anything outrageously, persistently, brain-splittingly noisy. It is a continual excitement in which his characters shout at the top of their voices.

In one respect he is to be pitied. His eloquent appeal for the prisoners will draw letters and requests for interviews from all over the world. After Mr. Galsworthy produced "Justice" he was besieged by begging convicts and ex-convicts.

In not one of Mr. Lewis's novels is there a single character, male or female, who resembles at least any of thirty thousand individuals with whom I am well acquainted. In the ordinary run of humanity, there are a vast number of persons who are respectable, who pay their taxes and live happily with their families, who are cultivated, agreeable, sensible, reasonable, interesting; you will look in vain for one specimen in Mr. Lewis's complete works.

The best thing that can be said of "Ann Vickers" is that it glows with vitality. In Browning's phrase, "the soul's depths boil in earnest." His method is the opposite of Pearl Buck. Mr. Lewis is technically a novelist but really an evangelist; Mrs. Buck is technically an evangelist but really a novelist. Mr. Lewis could never view life as aloofly as Mrs. Buck or keep himself hidden. He is too much of a fighter. We know what he thinks; whereas a reader of "The Good Earth" would never suspect its author was a Presbyterian missionary.

What saves Mr. Lewis for literature is his power of creation. In that respect he is an absolute artist. His powers of creation and of mimicry are what make his books live. And to his everlasting credit this should be remembered; he has become one of the most popular of American novelists without ever attempting to conciliate the public.

Synchronously with this novel comes a book on its author—"Sinclair Lewis, A Biographical Sketch," by Carl Van Doren, to which Mr. Taylor has added a complete, detailed, accurate bibliography covering seventy-six pages, nearly two-thirds of the volume. Mr. Van Doren's sketch is unqualified panegyric, and is written defiantly. He seems to feel the necessity of defending and exalting his hero. In praising him for rejecting with scorn the Pulitzer Prize, Mr. Van Doren mentions a number of authors who ought to have received that prize and did not; he also ridicules the moral-purpose-element originally in the determination of the award. This is rather thin ice, for the Nobel Award is definitely for books with a moral purpose—"the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency"—and if the Pulitzer Prize Committees have overlooked Joseph Hergesheimer, Branch Cabell, etc., the Nobel Prize Committee have overlooked Tolstoi, Ibsen, Hardy, Rostand, Barrie, Strindberg, Chekhov, Gorki, Schnitzler, Pirandello, D'Annunzio, Meredith, Mark Twain, George Moore, Bennett, Wells, Henry James, William James, and a score of others.

For my own part, I still prefer "Dodsworth" to the others by its author; but I am quite aware that "Dodsworth" could never have given him the world-wide fame made by "Main Street" and "Babbitt." From that point of view, his masterpiece is "Babbitt." I do not admire "Ann Vickers" so much as the three novels just mentioned, but it has enough dynamic power to make it worth reading; and perhaps it will have a practical effect on prison reform. As a scourge Mr. Lewis has no equal.

Speaking of the Nobel Prize, let me call attention to a revised and enlarged edition of a useful book—"The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature," with biographical sketches of each, with many portraits, and with well-arranged and valuable information. The author is Annie Russell Marble.

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The death of John Galsworthy on January 31, coming so soon after the award of the Nobel Prize, made a profound impression. Among all the millions of earth's inhabitants, only a very few become so conspicuous as to attract the interest of the world in their fortunes and misfortunes. For twenty-five years Mr. Galsworthy, by his novels and plays, has stood in the first rank of living writers. Furthermore, no one has represented more worthily the best English qualities; high seriousness, integrity, unconscious dignity, the serenity that goes with assured position. And besides that he has been a friend of mankind; he has been sensitive to suffering, genuinely distressed by the sorrows of the poor and the unfortunate. He had both an artistic and a moral conscience. The civil war in his own mind between his loyalty to his country and his class, and his loyalty to the cause of the oppressed everywhere, made him consider this whole question so deeply that it formed the subject both expressed and implied in many of his novels and plays. I was talking the other day with my colleague Professor George H. Nettleton; and he called my attention to the fact that this latest book, "Flowering Wilderness," turns on the question of a conflict of loyalties. When I was with Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy in their home in London last May, I was impressed more than ever with their true gentleness and beauty of character. Once when I was talking with him about religion, I surprised him by saying, "Why, you are a true Christian now in everything except creed!" The world of letters has lost a master and the world of humanity a servant.

A large, fat, convenient literary reference book is "The Oxford Companion to English Literature," compiled by Sir Paul Harvey. It contains 866 pages, well-printed on opaque paper. It is both biographical and referential. The references include dead and living authors in all nations, titles of literary works, geographical and fictitious places, and phrases like "Dismal Science," etc. I particularly enjoy the thick paper. It seems to me strange that India Paper should be recommended for reference books and prayer books and desk books; those are the pages one must turn quickly and accurately, which the accursed India Paper makes impossible. One must lick one's finger (impossible in public) or one must pick and pick at it. One turns over three pages too far, and in trying to get back, one turns three pages too many. It must have been an India Paper Bible that Thomas Hardy's character held in his hand while he vainly endeavored to find Ephesians, and kept hurdling it back and forth. "'Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament!"

What Technocracy is I neither know nor care, but I take pleasure in recommending a new book on the depression, called "Perpetual Prosperity," by George H. Hull, Jr. The value of this book consists in its being constructive. He shows with clarity what he believes to be the way out. He is not a Socialist or a Communist. He does not wish to "soak the rich," he wishes to elevate the poor. He does not believe there is overproduction, while there are individuals who are hungry and city slums. He has a plan by which everybody will be given work. I am not enough of an economist to know whether his scheme would work out or not, but it is certainly interesting.

To lovers of nineteenth-century literature I recommend the "Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough," now printed for the first time and admirably edited by Professor Howard Foster Lowry, of the College of Wooster (Ohio). The Introduction, Notes, etc., are scrupulously and discriminatingly written; there is a good analytical index. The Letters are filled with interesting references to Arnold's great contemporaries; and the more attractive side of his personality revealed.

I have always believed the publication of Froude's Life of Carlyle, with the uproar it caused, had much to do with Browning's unwillingness to leave any biographical material; even trivial notes to his son he asked him to destroy. In those last years Browning burned an enormous mass of letters. And now I am enabled to print for the first time an interesting letter from Browning to Madame Belloc, in which he shows his dismay over the publication of Carlyle's letters, but in which also he remembers Carlyle's kindness to him and the long years of their friendship.

Well, here I print from MS.: evidently Browning had been asked to join in the general execration of the dead sage.

19 Warwick Crescent,
March 18, 1881.

Dear Madame Belloc, . . .

I do indeed regret deeply the conception, execution and publication of those memoirs, equally unwise in their praise and unworthy in their blame: but I knew the extraordinary limitations of my dear old friend—and of his "woman" too—just as well forty years ago as to-day. His opinions about men and things one inch out of his own little circle never moved me with the force of a feather—or I should hardly lived five minutes of my whole life as I have done, and, for the remainder of it,—please God,—shall do. But we must not ourselves prove ingrate for a deal of love, or at least benevolence, in deed and wish; I must not, anyhow,—so, instead of "burning Carlyle and scattering his ashes to the winds," I am on the committee for erecting a monument to "True Thomas"—whose arm was laid on my shoulder a very few weeks ago. He confessed once to me that, on the first occasion of my visiting him, he was anything but favourably impressed by my "smart green coat," I being in riding-costume: and if then and there had begun and ended our acquaintanceship, very likely I might have figured in some corner of a page as a poor scribbling-man with proclivities for the turf and scamphood. What then? He wrote "Sartor"—and such letters to me in those old days! No, I am his devotedly and—if you permit me—yours cordially

Robert Browning.

I owe to Walter L. Pforzheimer, an undergraduate at Yale, the following Browning letter on Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger." The letter appeared long ago in a newspaper. Does it throw any light on the ending of "In a Balcony"?

Dear ——

According to your desire I read the story in question last evening, and have no hesitation in supposing that such a princess, under such circumstances, would direct her lover to the tiger's door; mind I emphasize *such* and *so* circumstanced a person.

Yours affectionately,
Robert Browning.

Two new anthologies, that illustrate respectively the immense distance lat-

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erally between two intelligent minds—what a pity that we cannot arrive by that parallax at some definite truth—are "Treasure-House of the Living Religions," compiled and edited by Professor Robert Ernest Hume, of Union Theological Seminary, and "Texts and Pretexts," an "anthology with commentaries" by Aldous Huxley.

Professor Hume's book is a work of prodigious erudition and yet clearly arranged. He has taken selections from the sacred scriptures of Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hinduism, Islam, Jainism (do you know what that is?), Judaism, Shinto, Sikhism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism. This is an amazing book, and I cannot think of any other recent work on any subject where one gets so much for one's money. The Preface of four pages contains more important information than I have seen anywhere else in so small a space. The author has read *in the original* the sacred books in Hebrew, Greek, Chinese, Sanskrit, Prakrit, Pali, Gurmukhi and Avestan. Yet he wears his learning as easily as a spring overcoat. "This book aims to present the quintessence of the religious wisdom of the world since the tenth century before Christ . . . it is intended that these pages shall contribute to an increase of positive knowledge and also to a general increase of faith, hope, and love for all mankind." Many religions are extinct—Doctor Hume deals with the eleven that survive. Of these eleven only two, Islam and Sikhism, originated later than Christianity. The other eight are older than Christianity by 500 years. Every one of the eleven originated in the continent of Asia.

The quotations are topically arranged; so that we see what the religions teach on unselfishness, truth, worship and prayer, immortality, war and peace, and so on. Every one of my readers ought to own a copy of this book.

Two things especially impressed me; it is often said there is no fixed standard of morality; that it changes with time and place; that there is no general agreement on what is moral and immoral; that sin is a meaningless word. Well, the candid reader will be impressed by the unanimity of these great religions on the fundamentals of morality. These standards are uniform and have never changed from 1000 B.C. to A.D. 1933.

The other thing is the supremacy of the English Bible. It is often said the surest way to agnosticism is to study comparative religions. This book points the other way, to Faith. As for the English Bible, containing the sacred scriptures of Judaism and Christianity, it has been translated, "either in whole or in part, in 927 languages. The Authorized Version of the Bible is the most frequently quoted single literary product in the entire history of the English language."

For those who wish to verify any passages or to study further the origins and literature of these eleven religions, an excellent bibliography is given.

The anthology of Mr. Huxley touches the anthology of Professor Hume at only one point. The former says: "As the influence of religion declines, the social importance of art increases. We must beware of exchanging good religion for bad art."

But that is the only point. Mr. Huxley's selections are made with skill, and his annotations, are, as might be expected, clever, often brilliant. The contrast between his anthology and that of Professor Hume's lies mainly in the fact that the latter believes in religion, whereas Mr. Huxley does not. One might even admire him for this as we admire all those who are sincere; but the queer thing about his attitude is that he not only does not believe in any religion himself, he believes that believers do not believe. Nothing is more narrow-minded than the conviction expressed by so many, that the mighty army of the faithful contains not one person who combines intelligence with honesty. On the last page of his book he says, "Religion, it seems to me, can survive only as a consciously accepted system of make-believe." Could any statement exhibit ignorance more dense?

There is a typographical error that will trouble Mr. Huxley more than any consciousness of sin. On page 175 is that worst of all possible worsts, *Keat's.*

And one more anthology: the American poet, Mary Sinton Leitch, has made a collection by living Virginians, called "Lyric Virginia Today." She is familiar with the work of her fellows in the Old Dominion, and has admirable taste. But what courage it requires to make an anthology from the living! For every friend there will be ten enemies.

"Talks with Mussolini," by Emil Ludwig, is interesting because the conversations extended over many days. They were conducted in the Italian language. We know they are authentic, because Mussolini examined and gave them his *imprimatur*. Unfortunately this fact prevents them from being as intimate and definite as one could wish. How well I remember the vast room Mr. Ludwig describes, the desk, the lamp, and the eyes of the Dictator! For he was as gracious to me as to him. The one question I wanted to ask was—*Are you happy?*

"Convicting the Innocent," by the accomplished legal scholar, Professor Edwin M. Borchard, is thrilling. Case after case is given where the innocent was judged guilty. The cases are arranged and described in a masterly fashion, so that one feels the excitement of a criminal trial. Sixty-five cases are given; and the introductory chapter is interesting and informative. Mr. Borchard's long years of legal service have deposited no dust on his active mind or cooled his heart.

One of the most inspiring autobiographies is Sir Wilfrid Grenfell's "Forty Years for Labrador." A physician, a trained man of science, his life was changed by hearing the evangelist Moody. It was a night in London, and Grenfell entered the tent mainly out of curiosity. A minister was asked to pray and his prayer was so intolerably long that Grenfell decided to leave. Just at that moment Mr. Moody called out in a loud voice, "While Brother —— is praying, let us all sing Hymn Number Blank." Such common sense appealed to the young medic, and he decided to remain. The account of his lifework in Labrador is told with immense gusto; he has had a rattling good time. For his men who have lost their lives in that service—among whom young Varick Frissell was one of the finest—he has tender regard, but he does not mourn in despair, because he has an absolute belief in a future life.

If one is a poet or a creative writer, one had better be born almost anywhere rather than in Canada. For some reason, the works of Canadian authors are generally ignored by both English and American reviewers; how seldom one

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sees in an anthology a fair representation of Canadian verse! I am led to these reflections by considering the poetry of Wilson MacDonald, who has published several volumes of original poems that are so good it seems certain they would be more widely known if they had been produced in London or New York instead of in Toronto. His two most recent books, "A Flagon of Beauty" and "Caw-Caw Ballads," reveal the range of his talent. The former shows such virility, originality, imagination, that I believe the publishers could safely issue a guarantee to all buyers—"money refunded, if—" The second book is made up of nonsense verses which after all contain sense and satire. Mr. MacDonald is a true poet, a poet of remarkable gifts; his long sojourns in solitude in the vast wilderness near Hudson's Bay have been fruitful. It is such a pleasure to hear him read his poems and to talk about poetry that I particularly recommend him (himself) to literary clubs.

I extend a hearty greeting to a new novelist—Miss Isabel Wilder, younger sister of Thornton; her first novel, "Mother and Four," has just appeared. One of the most notable things is its curious unlikeness to any of the works of her famous brother. He is concise; she is rather diffuse. He is fond of a small company of characters; she has many. He writes with glacial calm; she is warmly sympathetic. She has not written so good a book as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and who has? But her novel is so full of living creatures, their actions and talks are so lifelike, and her narrative is so interesting, that she has produced one of the best first novels I have seen in a blue moon, whatever that may be.

It is seldom I have read a worse book in literary criticism than "Titans of Literature" by Burton Rascoe. This was written by request, and the requester did him a sharp disservice. It is a pity, for the author is an accomplished journalist and columnist, and must be a most agreeable person, in fact a "jolly good fellow." (Please don't sing that; it is, as the late Joe Vernon remarked, the —— ——st song.) If the chapters in this large volume had been prepared for reading aloud to some small group of intimates, well and good; but why print them? I don't mind the numerous mistakes, such as Goethe's dying in October, etc. It is the brashness, the genial vulgarity, the good-natured, cheerful barging into holy ground, that becomes so trying. The chapters on Dante and on Milton sound as if they were written by some smart schoolboy; the whole book is juvenile. It would do Mr. Rascoe good to read Aldous Huxley's remarks on both Dante and Milton, in his new anthology. Mr. Huxley and Mr. Rascoe are alike in being without definite religious belief; but while this limitation seems to make it impossible for Mr. Rascoe to appreciate either Milton or Dante, Mr. Huxley admires their supreme artistry. Mr. Rascoe's temperament should have helped him there; for he is one of the most warm-hearted and sympathetic of men, and Mr. Huxley, as judged by his writings, is, of all living writers, the least so. The only good thing that can be said of "Titans of Literature" is that it is readable; the author has written it with larkful high spirits.

One effect of the publication of Mr. De Voto's "Mark Twain's America," previously reviewed in this column, is the sudden appearance of a completely revised edition (new type, pagination and all) of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's labored and heavy-laden treatise, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." Mr. Brooks has corrected a number of errors to which Mr. De Voto called his attention; but it is only fair to him to say that he has *not* changed his mind. Mr. Brooks apparently still believes that Mark Twain might have been a genius if it had not been for his wife and Mr. Howells and the American pioneer environment, etc. Since Mr. Brooks decided to issue a new edition of his book, it is a pity he did not wait one more week before doing so. On page 149 he compares Mrs. Clemens unfavorably with Mrs. Hawthorne, saying, "she who lacked the native understanding of Sophia Hawthorne, for instance, who realized that Hawthorne's work was too important for him to 'waste any time,' as Julian Hawthorne says, 'and undergo any unnecessary suffering in reforming his social habits.'" If he had only waited another week he might have seen Professor Stewart's edition of Hawthorne's Note Book, now for the first time printed accurately from MSS., with all the passages restored that his wife softened or omitted! Sophia was no better, alas, or no worse, than Olivia. As a matter of fact, while we should be grateful to Professor Stewart for publishing Hawthorne's work literally, we should remember that all his wife meant to do was to straighten his necktie or brush a speck off his coat. She did not realize how sacred accuracy was to become in the next century.

If I deplore the waste of time and energy exhibited by Mr. Brooks in "The Ordeal," much more do I deplore the worse than fruitless labor expended by Professor George Philip Krapp rewriting in "modern English" one of the most glorious poems of all time, Chaucer's magnificent "Troilus and Criseyde." Those who remember the exquisite beauty of Chaucer's lovely music, what will they say when they see this "modern" version? It is to Chaucer as nearbeer is to champagne. If it had to be done, perhaps no one could have done it better, but it ought not to have been done. And when Professor Krapp meets Chaucer in Heaven, suppose Chaucer should quote to him the 258th stanza of the fifth book:

> And for ther is so greet diversitee
> In English and in wryting of our tonge,
> So preye I god that noon miswryte thee.

Once more appears Burns Mantle's invaluable hardy perennial, "The Best Plays of 1931–1932." The information is essential to all who follow the modern drama, and the good judgment and taste of the author are throughout in evidence. In the present season, the best of the new plays is "When Ladies Meet," by Rachel Crothers; and the saddest disappointment was "Lucrece." Its failure is owing wholly and solely to its French author. Katharine Cornell did everything for it, but it was hopeless. The only reason for dramatizing that story would be a new treatment of it. Bernard Shaw made a masterpiece out of one of the most familiar episodes in history.

Two thrillers that I confidently recommend are "The Kennel Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine, one of his most ingenious; "The Hidden Door," a hair-raiser by the reliable Frank L. Packard.

The year 1933 marks the fiftieth anniversary of Wagner's death (Feb. 13) and the hundredth of Brahms's birth

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(May 7). Celebrations have been and will be in every part of the world. In New Haven we shall celebrate Brahms in the afternoon and the Fano Club will hold its annual dinner in the evening. For Brahms, with his natural flair, decided to be born on Browning's birthday; Browning, who understood music better than any other great poet, with the possible, but not probable, exception of Milton.

Two new biographies of Wagner appear express: "Richard Wagner," by Guy de Pourtalès, translated from the French by Lewis May, and "The Unconquerable Tristan," by B. M. Steigman. The latter is short and novelistic and entertaining; the former is a large tome of over 400 pages, and naturally has far more material. In his discussion of Wagner's mistresses, he reminds me of Goethe's *Ihr sprecht schon fast wie ein Franzos.*

The death of George Moore on January 21 removed a great novelist. I shall always remember the conversations I had with him in the summer of 1928 in 121 Ebury Street. Although suffering from the disease which I suppose killed him, he was gracious and kindly, and never complained. One September afternoon with the pale London sunshine slanting through the window on his head, he read aloud to me in his Irish voice a manuscript story. At the end he said, "Ah, Turgenev would have liked that!" Some critics think Moore will outlive his contemporaries. It is safe to guess, if the future is far enough away. I like best among his novels "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," "Sister Teresa," "The Lake," and among his other books, the three volumes of his autobiography, "Hail and Farewell." All his books of literary criticism are extraordinarily interesting, even when they are perverse. He was one of the best talkers I ever knew.

I rejoice that I am now able to state that the book that came into my hands last summer and which I described at length in SCRIBNER'S for November, *does* contain the *first* English translation of Goethe's lyric, "Kennst du das Land?" This book was the German *Erato,* whose existence was unknown to most scholars, a copy of the second edition of which (1798) I got from Mr. S. Martin of San Francisco. What I wished to know was if the *first* edition (1797) contained that translation. It was not in the British Museum, nor in any of the libraries of Munich, but finally my friend, and former pupil, Professor Powell Spring, now Professor in the University of Dresden, discovered through Herr Horst Diebitsch, of Leipzig, that the first edition does *not* contain the translation. Hence in SCRIBNER'S for November, 1932, I printed for the first time the first English translation of the most famous of all German lyrics, and the Yale library now has the book.

Dresden, 7 Jan.

Herrn Horst Diebitsch, Leipzig.

Die Sächsische Landesbibliothek besitzt die Ausgabe des Jahres 1797 von: The German Erato; in ihr ist Goethes: Kennst du das Land *nicht* enthalten.

Hochachtungsvoll

DER DIREKTOR DER SÄCHS. LANDESBIBLIOTHEK.

A book for which we have consciously or unconsciously waited is "Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist," by Cyril Clemens, with a delightful preface by Rupert Hughes. Josh does not deserve oblivion; and this book restores him and his fun. Like many humorists, he had a tragic mind. One day, when a man called at a newspaper office to see him, he was told it would be impossible; Josh was not only busy, he was crying. "What's he crying about?" "Don't know; he cries most all the time." At that moment a slip of paper was handed out from the door, wet with ink and tears. It said, "I don't know of anything that will cure a man of laziness, but a second wife will sometimes help." This book is full of anecdotes and all kinds of nonsense, but on page 57 we find something particularly opportune.

BEER

I have finally cum tew the konklusion, that lager beer iz not intoksigatin. I hav been told so bi a german, who sed he had drank it aul nite long, just tew tri the experiment, and was obliged tew go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink sixteen glasses, and if he was drunk, he was drunk in german, and nobody could understand it. It is proper enuff tew state that this man kept a lager-beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what want strictly thus.

On Wednesday evening, December 14, 1932, for the first time in my life, I saw a moon rainbow. The best description of one is in Browning's "Christmas Eve." Mine was not so spectacular.

I have discovered that the flu is both affirmative and negative. Sometimes the Eyes have it and sometimes the Nose.

## NEW BOOKS MENTIONED WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

*Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for use by reading clubs.*

*"Ann Vickers," by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

*"Sinclair Lewis," by Carl Van Doren. Doubleday Doran. $2.

*"The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature," by A. R. Marble. Appleton. $3.50.

"The Oxford Companion to English Literature," by Harvey. Oxford. $4.50.

*"Perpetual Prosperity," by George H. Hull, Jr. New Era Publishing Co., 5 East 54th St., New York. $2.

*"Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough," ed. H. F. Lowry. Oxford. $2.50.

*"Treasure House of the Living Religions," by R. E. Hume. Scribners. $3.

*"The World's Living Religions," by R. E. Hume. Scribners. $2.

*"Texts and Pretexts," by Aldous Huxley. Harpers. $2.50.

*"Lyric Virginia Today," by M. S. Leitch. Dial. $2.50.

*"Talks with Mussolini," by Emil Ludwig. Little Brown. $2.75.

*"Convicting the Innocent," by E. M. Borchard. Yale. $3.50.

*"Forty Years for Labrador," by Sir W. Grenfell. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

"Caw-Caw Ballads," by Wilson MacDonald. Pine Tree Pub., Montclair, N. J. $1.50.

*"A Flagon of Beauty," by Wilson MacDonald. Gay-Hagen, Buffalo. $2.

*"Mother and Four," by Isabel Wilder. Coward McCann. $2.

"Titans of Literature," by Burton Rascoe. Putnams. $3.75.

"Best Plays of 1931–1932," by Burns Mantle. Dodd Mead. $3.

"The Kennel Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Scribners. $2.

"The Hidden Door," by Frank L. Packard. Doubleday Doran. $2.

"Troilus and Cressida," New version by G. P. Krapp. Random House. $3.50.

"Richard Wagner," by Guy de Pourtalès. Harpers. $4.

"The Unconquerable Tristan," by B. M. Steigman. Macmillan. $3.

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain," by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.75.

"Josh Billings," by Cyril Clemens. Internat. Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Mo. $2.

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